

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH,

1874.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Seven Weeks on Sable Island	120
University Life in Germany	135
The Key to "Cowpe's Grave"	137
Notes of a Hasty Trip (Continued).....	140
Tears (Poetry)	145
Canada's Early Marine	146
Gipsy's Governess (Continued).....	150
The Death of Edipus. (Poetry)	158
Voices from Ramah; or, Rachel's Lamentation. (Continued)	159

YOUNG FOLKS:—

A London Boy	156
Katy (Continued)	158
Eleonora	173
An Instructive Game	174
Shut the Door (Poetry).....	174

THE HOME:—

A Neglected Duty.....	175
The Domestic Problem	176
Our Faces	178
Time Honored Fallacies	178
Paris Fashions	179
Selected Recipes	181

MUSIC:—

Come I to Thee.....	183
---------------------	-----

LITERARY NOTICES:—

The Wild North Land	184
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REVIEW of the Times.....	187
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ILLUSTRATION:—

Edward Jenkins, M. P.....	Frontispiece.
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The circulation of the DAILY averages at present about 12,000, or 1,300 a day more than last year,—a circulation claimed to be more than equal to that of all the other English dailies in the city put together.

The circulation of the TRI-WEEKLY, formerly Semi-Weekly, has continued steady at 3,600, and that of the WEEKLY has increased from 9,500 to 11,000.

It is evident from these figures that the WEEKLY WITNESS meets with the greatest favor, and to it we would this year call special attention. From our subscribers we have always got more assistance in extending our circulation than from all other means. We therefore request all of them who approve of the general course of the WITNESS to call to it the attention of those in whose families they think it would exert a healthful influence. Those who do not preserve the WITNESS for future reference might serve its interests more than they think by simply forwarding a copy now and again to some friend at a distance, or by "placing it where it will do most good" among their neighbors. Our subscribers will learn with satisfaction that it is intended to enlarge the WEEKLY WITNESS at the New Year to an extent sufficient to cover the existing and prospective increase in space occupied by advertising. This will be the second enlargement within two years. Should the advertising business grow still further, a still further increase in size is contemplated. These changes are rendered possible by the increase in circulation and advertising. Every reader has thus a direct interest in developing the business of the paper. Among our best friends are the storekeepers and postmasters, who have, through good will towards the paper and a desire for the good of their neighbors, gone to both trouble and expense in forwarding the subscriptions of their customers.

The TRI-WEEKLY edition is obtainable by ministers actually in charge of congregations, and by teachers actually teaching in schools, at half-price. This, however, invariably means cash. The TRI-WEEKLY edition is held to be two dollars worth when given as a commission for subscriptions obtained. Ministers and teachers are looked upon as friends of the paper who will do their best to promote its interests.

The DAILY WITNESS is unquestionably the leading paper in the Province, and has only one rival in the Dominion for circulation and influence.

Of the character of the WITNESS we need only say it is well known. It aims at maintaining a complete independence of all political, denominational, and social influences, and to use its whole power on the side of Righteousness, Temperance and Evangelical Religion. The need for a disinterested advocacy of truth and righteousness in public life, and temperance and economy in social life, never appeared so great as it does to-day, when prosperity and luxury

have bred corruption and dissipation to an alarming extent before unknown. That this duty may be faithfully and competently fulfilled, we ask for the support and prayers of Christians throughout the land.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3.00 per an.
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2.00 "
WEEKLY.....	1.00 "

The DAILY WITNESS is also obtainable from newsmen in almost all towns and villages at 6c. per week, thus saving postage. The WEEKLY may be had through dealers as cheap as through the Post-Office.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertising in each edition is charged at 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents for each continuance. Special rates for annual contracts according to position in the paper.

These rates, both of subscription and advertising, are, probably, as low as can be found anywhere in proportion to value.

Prospectus of the Canadian Messenger for 1874.

This paper, for the money it costs, has more reading in it, and that of the highest class, than any of our other publications. It contains no news, but is a perfect treasure-house of instructive and attractive reading, as gathered from the abundant resources which contemporary literature affords. It is a pioneer, finding its way to the utmost limits of civilization, and to every remote post-office in the Dominion, from Michipicoton to Maindieu. Circulation 14,000. It should double its circulation through Sabbath-schools.

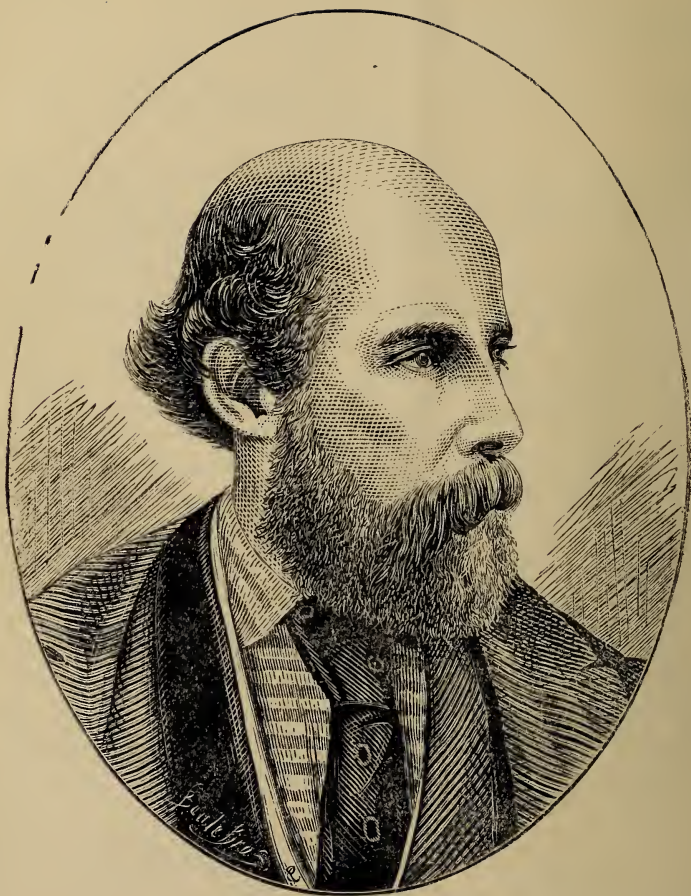
Canadian Messenger, 38 cents per an in advance, postage prepaid by publishers. Club of seven to one address for \$2; 100 to one address \$25. Advertising 10 cents per line, each insertion.

CLUBS.

In all our publications where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional. Any subscriber to the WITNESS or MESSENGER may have the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to his own address, or to that of a new subscriber thereto, for \$1—if he remits it direct to this office along with his other subscriptions. The reading in the MONTHLY is entirely different from that in the other publications.

The terms for all our publications are CASH IN ADVANCE, and the paper stops when the time paid for expires, unless subscription is previously renewed.

All remittances to be addressed, in registered letters, to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.



EDWARD JENKINS, M. P.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1874.

SEVEN WEEKS ON SABLE ISLAND.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, NEW GLASGOW.

We left the flourishing Town of Pictou, N. S., on the morning of October 7th, 1873, in the Dominion steamer "Lady Head," Matson commander, bound for Sable Island with supplies.

On entering the Strait of Canso, the weather looking unfavorable, we came to anchor at Port Hawkesbury, on the eastern or Cape Breton side of the strait, a place which has been made chiefly from the trade of American fishing vessels, which during the season *rendezvous* therein considerable numbers for supplies, and often to tranship their catch of fish to send home by steamers, of which there is a line plying between Boston and Prince Edward Island touching there. Opposite, on the Nova Scotia side, is the small town of Port Mulgrave. But as our destination was changed at Hawkesbury, we defer further description of this magnificent ocean canal, till our return trip is spoken of.

At Port Hawkesbury we met a schooner with supplies for various lighthouses in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the captain received orders to tranship her cargo and finish her duty.

So we turned back again for the lighthouse at west side of northern entrance of the strait, usually called Cape Jack, and fortune favoring us with fine weather, landed supplies there, and in succession also at Margarie, or Sea Wolf Island, on the N. W. side of Cape Breton, Port Hood, Cheticamp, St. Paul's Island, Pugwash, Wallace, Pomquet Island, Arnet Island, Pictou Island,

&c., a service requiring some 7 or 8 days, and then back to Pictou for coal.

With the beautiful weather by which we were favored, the picturesque scenery, the novelty of the voyage, and other incidents, there would be sufficient matter for a graphic little pen sketch in this voyage alone; but we remember the heading of our article, and think there may be enough to be said on that subject, without the tedium of digression,—except that we cannot refrain from a notice of the rugged grandeur of St. Paul's Island, lying in Lat. $47^{\circ} 11' 20''$ N., and Long. $60^{\circ} 9' 36''$ W., about 15 miles N. of Cape North—the extreme polar-pointing Cape of the far famed and beautiful Cape Breton Island.

There are two lighthouses on either end of this (St. Paul's) Island; at the N. W. and S. E. extremities, a steam fog whistle, and a humane station, at which a gun is fired in thick weather every four hours.

Seeking shelter to leeward of the Island with a fine fresh breeze, the danger of landing in moderate weather showed what it would be for the poor unfortunates whom the *storm* and *tempest* might drive on its precipitously rocky shores. Indeed, the sad effects of the great August gale were still visible: anchors, chains, rigging, numerous heavy bars of iron were piled up pell-mell, and mixed with the rocks and waters, as a pile of jack-straws might be with the hand on a tea table.

Boldly to the southward, Cape North,

some 2,400 feet high, rears its lofty head, overshadowing the tremulous waters of Aspy Bay, of cable celebrity, below it.

But *revenons à nos moutons*.

We coal again at Pictou, and start once more for the Isle of Sable. A few hours steaming past noble promontories (Cape George included), brings us to the northern entrance of the Strait, or Gut, of Canso, separating the Island of Cape Breton from the main, and forming a grand canal for ocean traffic which Lesseps would envy. This strait is about 15 miles long, averaging a mile or upwards in breadth; bounded, especially on the Nova Scotia side, by stupendous boulders of rock, and in winter closed by ice, or rather *barricaded* with it so as to render passage dangerous, and infrequent for several months. This, with the impossibility of its being bridged (except, perhaps, at an expense which would build a railroad to the Pacific), precludes the connection by railway bridge of Cape Breton to the Main, at least, till wonders multiply, and an *eighth* one is added to the already famous *seven*. Still, a railway to the Strait of Canso is not only highly desirable, but an imperative necessity, and will undoubtedly be built, connecting, at Antigonish, with the projected railroad between New Glasgow and White Haven.

Passing through the strait, touching at Arichat, a village almost exclusively peopled by the descendants of the French Acadians, and situated on Isle Madam, separated by the Lennox passage from Cape Breton Island, we steam away for White Haven harbor, there to wait a favorable chance to run for Sable Island, and which harbor we enter by the eastern passage (it has three noble entrances, Southern, Western, and Eastern) into one of the grandest and most spacious havens on the continent, with a depth of water throughout capable of floating the largest ships, and an anchorage unsurpassed.

Quoting from the prospectus of the "White Haven, New Glasgow, and North Shore Railway Company," Admiral Owen, sent out to Nova Scotia by the British Government in 1846 to survey the harbors of Halifax and White Haven, and report on their respective merits, thus speaks of it: "White Haven, in 45° 10' N. lat., 61°

10' W. long., is a most splendid and commodious port, at the nearest available point of North America to Ireland—its natural facilities greatly exceeding those of Halifax or any other point upon the coast, requiring less than three miles of pilotage, and entirely free from ice at all seasons of the year." And his testimony is confirmed by every one who has a knowledge of the port.

During the two days of our detention, we took the opportunity of going over the harbor and its surroundings, and all that the Admiral or any one else could say in favor of this splendid harbor, would be only true to nature, which seems to have created it specially for the ocean *entrepôt* between the two continents of Europe and America.

The Dominion Government (we understood) had already bought land, or arranged with its owner for the erection of a coal depot and wharf at White Haven—a wise and prudent act of foresight; for the steamers visiting Sable Island, as they must now do so frequently, with supplies for the large Government staff—two light-houses and fog-whistles there—generally put into White Haven (the nearest harbor on the main), to wait a good chance for favorable weather to run over; and sometimes wait so for several weeks. This is one strong reason (though by no means the weightiest) in favor of a cable from White Haven to the Island—the distance being only 85 miles; and while the weather on the main may be unfavorable, it may be, and often is, the best time for landing on the Island. But of the importance, nay, even absolute necessity, for having a cable to the Island we shall refer again.

On the evening of Saturday, after "four bells" had sounded, supper settled, the anchor weighed, and things prepared for heavy weather, the "Lady Head" steamed out of the Southern passage close to the light on Whitehead Island at the entrance to the harbor, having passed which we were immediately floating on the broad Atlantic, with nothing possible to bring us up but a colliding ship, Sable Island or the Western Islands. Fine weather, fair head of steam, and good navigation, brought us safely to anchor some distance off the

North shore of Sable Island, about day-break on Sunday, the 19th October, 1873. We had previously sighted many lands on several continents (all on the globe, indeed, except Asia), but none with such curiosity as this.

The bugbear of our youth, the death-bed of so many noble ships, and nobler lives, lay before us, with the ocean tamely licking its shores in foam-capped surf, and the low stretch of sandy hillocks without a tree, or even a habitation visible, extending to east and to west of us in the glad horizon glowing now into the Sabbath sun.

But the surf boat from the shore, where the tall signal staff on a mound higher than the others, holds out the "old flag" against the breeze, is seen putting off; it disappears behind the surf, shows a little speck on top of it, grows gradually larger, till it bumps against the steamer's port side, and a species of amphibious creatures, like the numberless curious seals popping up their heads around us, clamber upon deck.

"What news? Any wrecks?"

"Yes, the boat's crew of the Guion steamship 'Wyoming,' and captain and crew of the British bark 'Humbleton,' and the words were hardly out of the Superintendent's mouth when a number of apparent pigmies were seen dotting the shore. "See, there they are, so anxious to get off."

But we go ashore—over the breakers, the huge boat twisting and turning, and watching a chance with the rest to jump on to the sands; find in doing so the white foam winding round our waist, with a force backward from the shore, which conquering by an effort, we find our pedal extremities, though soaking wet, imbedded ankle deep in the dry, glistening sand.

But luggage, furniture, coal, oil, and what not, are being dumped from other surf boats, some of it carried back again into the voracious ocean. What is saved is hauled beyond the watery grip, and piled upon a primitive cart adapted to the soil, drawn by three native ponies, strong-looking and hardy enough, though never having tasted clover. We follow our trunks up through a winding gorge in the hills of and, where habitations with a stretch of

harder bottom, green as Ireland in June, appear. A welcome shaking of hands from people we had never seen and did not know—a still more welcome breakfast, hastily, but most kindly prepared, with lighted pipe, we stroll round to look about this, to mariners, dreadful *terra incognita*.

Sable Island is about 27 miles long by an average of one mile broad, its extreme ends pointing east and west; the former in 43° 59' N. lat. and 59° 48' W. lon., the latter (or west end) in 43° 57' N. lat., and 60° 14' W. lon., situated about 150 miles S.E. of Halifax, and about 85 miles S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. of White Haven.

The similarity of names often confounds it in many minds with *Cape* Sable Island at the west end of Nova Scotia in lat. 43° 27' N., lon. 56° 36' W., near which, in August, 1856, we nearly came to grief in the Cunard steamship "Arabia," by running full split upon the Blonde rock, a short way off.

As to the early history of the Island, there are conflicting accounts, and concluding such discussions immaterial to the present sketch, would refer thereon to a recent work entitled "History of Nova Scotia," by Mr. Duncan Campbell, of Halifax, N.S., published at Montreal by Mr. John Lovell, who states the first attempt at settlement there to have been made by the Baron de Léry, in the year 1518, and about the first authentic account of the commencement of the business of the Island, which principally consists in "hauling up ships," began with the wreck of the English ship "Delight," one of the squadron of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, which occurred there in the year 1583, with the loss of nearly one hundred lives; and in 1746 several French transports were cast away upon it with sad loss of life.

Rumor on the Island has it that the place was once used as a penal station by the French, when they occupied Cape Breton, and that the breed of wild horses now roaming over it was introduced by them; others say they were brought there by a Catholic priest belonging to Boston, U.S., in gratitude for his preservation after being shipwrecked on Sable Island.

Spots on the Island which bear the im-

press of turf, are still called the French Gardens, and the horses are of Norman type. Some 200 are still running wild, but they are easily tamed, and become very serviceable, about 15 or 20 being used at the different stations. Great numbers of them perished in the severe winter of 1870, when the small ponds of fresh water scattered about became frozen for an unusual period; and they suffer from this cause more or less every winter. Their habits are directed by high instinct, dividing themselves into gangs with a leader for each, more despotic than the Persian Shah, and probably more alive to the welfare of their subjects. They are more sensible than many nations, for they leave these leaders to do all their fighting, which, though seldom happening, is done with a will: when "Greek meets Greek, &c."

It is a cold night in winter; there are no houses of shelter for these gipsy creatures, but their leader gathers them in a half moon under the lee of the hillocks, back to the wind. The wind blows, as it only can blow there, and cold snow thickens the air. The leader is tramping round like a General on review, and if he sees any of his soldiers shiver, calls him to attention by a vigorous kick on the spot the schoolmaster in childhood often made so tender, and runs him up and down till the blood circulates more freely.

When the ponds are frozen they lick the ice if they cannot kick it through; and failing both, drink the salt water of the lake running nearly the length of the Island, or about 15 miles of it. They feed on the coarse bent grass, on which, like the sheep, also roaming nearly wild, they seem to thrive. Hay from this grass can be cut and cured in any quantities, and serves to feed the large stock of cattle kept at the various stations.

Many of the hillocks are also alive with the burrowed caves of rabbits, and these, with rats innumerable, constitute the most numerous living population. There are no other vermin or reptiles, which leads one to think St. Patrick must have lived on Sable Island in his day.

Of some kinds of wild fowl there is said to be an abundance, as plover, curlew, and various kinds of ducks.

The Island now belongs to the Dominion of Canada, and is managed under the Department of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, at Ottawa. The Superintendent, or Governor, as he is there called, resides at the main station, where besides his own, there is a house for his men (eight or ten), a house of refuge (called "The Sailors' Home) for shipwrecked seamen, and several barns for horses, cattle, and general stores.

At the main station are several surf boats, a life boat (now useless), rocket and mortar, with other apparatus for saving life. This station is five miles from the West end of the Island, where a new light and steam fog whistle, with house for keepers, stores, &c., has lately been completed. This light is white, catoptric, or by reflectors, revolving and showing three flashes every three minutes—visible in clear weather over 20 miles. The whistle (West end) in thick weather sounds a blast of 15 seconds in each minute, leaving an interval of 45 seconds between each blast. Lat. 43° 57' N., Long. 60° 14' W.

At the East end (some 25 miles distant), there is a fixed white light, 122 feet above sea level, visible 25 miles. The illuminating apparatus is dioptric (said to be the best in the Dominion), and the building octagonal, with red and white vertical stripes. At the West end the building is also octagonal, but painted white. There is also a steam fog whistle at the East end, sounding in thick weather two blasts of four seconds' duration each, with intervals of four seconds in each minute. Lat. 43° 59' N., Long. 59° 49' W.

From either end of the Island a dry sand bar makes out, with the ocean, at times, beating clean over it; at the West end the dry bar is about 2 miles, and at the East end 7 miles long. Beyond these again are wet bars, covered with shallow water, running out to sea some 6 miles at the West end, and some 10 miles at the East end.

Travelling eastward from the main station, for about 9 miles, we come to the middle station, with an out-post keeper, and two men, team of horses, and a few cattle.

The lake station, with same accompaniments, is two miles further east, and at the extreme east end, near the light, is the east end station, next in importance to the

main station, where considerable vegetables are raised, and stock of about 20 head of cattle kept.

In clear weather the Island can be seen all round, but when thick or foggy (as is often the case) the men from each station have certain beats over which they must ride along the shore, so that the whole coast is inspected once every 24 hours, and wrecks, if any, reported to the Superintendent.

Sable Island is supposed to be formed by the currents of the Gulf Stream, the northern edge of which runs not far beyond its southern side, and gives a peculiar mildness to its climate. We saw robins late in November, and strawberry blossoms a week or so before. The form of the Island is rapidly changing—growing in altitude (some of the hills now reaching 50 or 60 feet above the level of the sea), washing away at the west end, and forming at the east. The lake was once a harbor. It was closed up. Again the breakers are bolting into it; but vessels cannot enter, or if they could, the water is too shallow to float anything drawing over three or four feet. Rumor has it that two small vessels were, in days of yore, sealed up at their anchorage in the lake by an unusual tempest, which closed it to the tide for years.

This would be the most desirable place for landing a telegraph cable in the world, for it would soon bury itself out of reach; and besides, there is nothing to disturb it, save a few fishing vessels in summer, but they could not reach it if they tried. Should another cable be laid between England and America, Sable Island will be the spot to land it first. It is then but 85 miles to White Haven. But, between the Island and the Main, a cable is imperatively required, and would even save the Dominion money on the cost of its construction; not only for the reason previously adverted to, of notifying a time of fitness for approach to it, but for the reason that when large ships with numerous souls, and valuable cargoes, are cast away, assistance in saving life and property could at once be rendered. And if to the Dominion, what benefits would not accrue to Great Britain and the United States, and indeed to the marine of all Europe and America?

Great Britain contributes £500 sterling yearly toward the maintenance of the Island establishment, and if private enterprise is insufficient, why should not the Governments of the Dominion, Great Britain and the United States contribute towards the construction of a cable to this place, where so many lives of their citizens and subjects are lost, and so much of their property is destroyed for want of it?

The following is a list of vessels wrecked on Sable Island since September, 1855:

- Schooner "Primrose," Capt. Myers, of Pope's Harbor, N. S., from St. Johns, Newfoundland, for Halifax, wrecked Dec. 7, 1855, West End station, north side—All hands saved.
- American ketch "Commerce," Hinckley, Italy to New York, discharged cargo and got off in a few days, north side of N. E. Bar—All hands saved; June 2, 1866.
- 1856, Sept. 23, American brigantine "Alma P." Capt. York, from New York to St. Johns, Newfoundland, about two miles to westward of South Side station—All hands saved.
- Dec. 7, schooner "Eliza Ross," Muggah, from Sydney, C. B., for Halifax, drifted down south side of Island; dismasted, out of water, and decks swept—All hands saved in the life-boats.
- 1858, March 19, brigantine "Maury," Capt. Le Blanc, of La Have, N. S., from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, for Boston, a short distance from West End House of Refuge, south side—All hands saved.
- Oct. 26, brigantine "Lark," Capt. Pike, of and from St. Johns, Newfoundland, for P. E. Island, about six miles from West End Station, north side—All hands saved.
- 1860, Sept. 10, American brigantine "Argo," Capt. Auld, from Boston, U. S., for Lingan, C. B., north side—All hands saved.
- 1862, May 7, American barque "Zone," Fullerton, from Shields, G. B., for Boston, U. S., struck on south side of N. E. Bar, on one of the outside bars, during the night, and broke up almost immediately—All hands lost but one man, a Russian Finlander, "Yohn Vanderson." He was saved by slipping his hands through a ringbolt in one of the deck planks and was washed ashore. Crew, thirteen all told.
- Aug. 1, barque "Jane Lovett," Uttley, of Yarmouth, N. S., from St. John, N. B., for Cork, Ireland, four miles to westward of South Side station—All hands saved.
- 1863, July 22, brig "Gordon," Fitzgerald, of St. John N. B., from St. Andrews, N. B., for Wales, a few miles west of South Side station—Crew all saved in life-boats.
- Aug. 4, steamship "Georgia," Gleadell, of Liverpool, G. B., from New York for Liverpool—Crew and passengers saved in ship's boats, south side of N. W. Bar.
- 1864, Feb. 27, schooner "Weathergage," McCuish, from Boston for Newfoundland, about six miles E. of West End station—All saved.
- March 8, American schooner "Langdon Gilmore," Chase, master, from St. Johns, Newfoundland, for New York—Captain and two men drowned, four men got ashore in their own boat, remainder saved in life-boat, a few miles to E. of South Side station.
- April 12, brigantine "Dash," Capt. Coles, of and for St. Johns, Newfoundland, from Cienfuegos—All saved, N. side of North East Bar.
- Dec. 20, brigantine "Wm. Bennett," of St. John, N. B., from P. E. Island, for New York, E. Bennett, master—The crew and passengers (the captain's wife, sister-in-law, and infant three months old) all saved with a line, North side.
- 1865, brigantine "Triumph," Capt. Wood, of and for St. Johns, Newfoundland, from Figueira, Portugal—All hands saved; south side.
- May 12, ship "Malakoff," Harris, of Hull, G. B., from Liverpool, G. B., for Halifax, N. S., on end of North East Bar—All hands saved.
- 1866, Feb. 25, French packet "Stella Maria," Capt. Gautier, from St. Pierre, for Halifax, N. S., struck on North West Bar at 11 o'clock, p.m.; floated off during night and sailed for Halifax next morning,

June 16, brigantine "Stranger," Campbell, of Maitland, N. S., from New York for Pictou, N. S., south side, near the Highlands—All hands saved.

July 5, steamship "Ephesus," Collings, master, of Liverpool, G. B., from Norfolk, Va., for Liverpool, south side of North West Bar—All hands saved.

Aug. 16, barque "Ada G. Yorke," Capt. Yorke, of Portland, Me., from New Orleans, for Liverpool, G. B., south side, between East End station and foot of the Lake—All saved.

Sept. 24, barque "Minnie Campbell," Capt. Lent, of Weymouth, N. S., from Newport, Wales, for Portland, U. S., struck on North East Bar on night of 23rd, and leaked so badly the Captain ran her ashore near the East End station, north side; got her off again next evening and sailed for Halifax, N. S., where she arrived on the following Saturday.

1867, Aug. 19, ship "Rhea Sylvia," Roach, master, of Bristol, G. B., from St. Vincent, Cape de Verd Islands, for St. John, N. B.—All hands saved.

1868, Jan. 22, schooner "Malta," McDonald, of Annapolis, N. S., from St. Johns, Newfoundland, for Boston, Mass.—Crew saved by a line, drawing them through the surf—All saved.

June 25, schooner "S. H. Cameron," Capt. MacDonell, of Southport, Me., from Banquereau Bank, loaded with fish, bound home; cargo re-shipped on board two American schooners—All hands saved.

1870, Feb. 24, bark "N. & E. Robbins," Capt. Hilton, of Yarmouth, N. S., from Boston, for Cork, Ireland, loaded with peas. The first mate, Andrew Dunn, and one of the sailors (name unknown) washed off the wreck during the night; rest of crew saved by means of a line; south side, opposite South Side station.

May 25, brig "Alecto," Finlayson, of Charlotte-town, P. E. Island, from Liverpool, G. B., for Halifax, N. S.; cargo salt and coal—All hands saved; south side North East Bar.

1871, Nov. 1, brigantine "Black Duck," Capt. Landry, of and from Quebec, for Bermuda—All hands saved; 3 miles west of principal station, north side.

1872, June, schooner "Boys," Gloucester, Mass.—All saved.

1873, March, schooner "Stella Maria," (ashore on Island, Feb. 1866,) St. Pierre—All hands saved.

June, schooner "Laura R. Burnham," Gloucester, Mass.—All saved.

Sept. 15, steamship "Wyoming," Guion line, from Liverpool, G. B., for New York, struck on North East Bar, but got off after throwing large part of cargo; sent boat's crew ashore for aid who were left on Island.

Sept. 25, barque "Humbleton," of Sunderland, G. B., from London to New York, total wreck, south side—All hands saved.

Nov. 9, schooner "Zephyr," of St. Pierre; supposed some time wrecked; came ashore with four dead bodies in hold and fore-castle.

Celestin Racine is supposed to be one of the four dead bodies found in the hull of this last schooner, as among the papers were found several "Certificats de bonne conduite," the last of which dated :

"*Le Frégate à vapeur le 'Descartes,' commandé par M. Vessier, Capitaine de Frégate,*" shows him to have been "*de gabarier de 1ere classe, et qu'il a montré dans l'exercice de ces fonctions une aptitude supérieure.*"

And among other letters from his wife the last one, addressed care Mons. Gustave Gautier, St. Pierre, is especially touching and reads,

"PARAME, le 30 Juin, 1873.

"MON CHER EPOUX,—Je rend réponse a ta lettre qui ma fait bien plaisir d'apprendre

ton arrivée, et savoir que tu est en bonne santé. Tant qu'à moi, je me porte assez bien, seulement je suis bien fatigué. Nos enfants se porte bien, ainsi que mon père, ma mère, frères et sœurs. Mon cher epoux, tant au nouveauté du pays, elle ne sont pas curieuse. Le temps est bien dur, il ne fait pas bon vivre; cependant les récoltes sont bien bonne. Les pommiers sont charger. Je te prie de faire une bonne provision, car on boira un bon coup.

"Notre Adele est bien en colère que tu ne soit pas là pour la faire danser, mail il garderont ta part si tu voit Auguste.

"Je finis de t'écrire; je suis pour la vie ton épouse qui t'aime et qui t'embrasse de tout son cœur.

"MARIE BRIERE, femme Racine.

"Je te ferai dire une messe le 8 Juillet pour toi et pour l'équipage."

Alas! that her prayers should have proved so unavailing, but the poor husband had evidently been praying too, in his last moments, for, with an English Crimean medal of 1854, was found attached a smaller, and probably by him more highly prized, one of the Virgin and some holy saint, probably in his hands to the last.

The unfortunates had evidently been long wrecked, probably in the great gale of August last, for the decks were slimy and the bodies far advanced in decomposition, so much so that they could not be lifted up through the hatches without falling to pieces, and a hole had to be cut through the vessel's side where the stench was fearful; and almost at the risk of life in handling such fearful matter, Mr. McDonald, the indomitable superintendent of the Island, with a brave volunteer, a Dane, named Anderson, lifted the bodies out almost by portions, had them placed in coffins and decently interred to the sublime ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. Thus a hero who had borne that England's medal on his breast sank to his final resting place to the words and prayers of her Church. *Requiescat in pace.*

Their graves were subsequently enclosed and sodded.

Not far distant at different spots are other enclosures and other graves, some with rude head boards and carving; but what eloquence can be more mutely touching than these lines, pencilled respectively under the name of "Peter de Young," a native of Halifax, and "Henry Osborne,"

a native of Guysboro County, Nova Scotia, telling us they "died December 20th. 1864, in rescuing the crew and passengers of the brig 'Wm. Bennett,' of St. John, N.B.," every life on board of which was saved, including an infant in the arms of a female passenger,

What requital have the families or relatives of these heroic Nova Scotia youths received from the public voice, or the public purse?

"Whom the gods love, die young," is all that can be said as to the reward they have received.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY ADAGE.

Of about fifteen universities in the Empire, a very good example is Halle. Its Faculties of Theology and Medicine are of wide note, as also that of Philosophy, and so is its Agricultural School. Its thousand or more students show that it attracts. These thousand are those in the mentioned Faculties and that of Law, and do not include scholars of the other noted educational institutions in the city, such as the Francke Institutions, &c.

A few words about the students. The "life" of the University is pretty much in them. I sometimes think a good deal of the deadness is in them too; but of this another time. A large number of them are hard-working fellows, and the big dome heads many of them carry seem fitted for work. A large number are poor, and get help from bursaries, from free dinner establishments supported by the University, from "convikts," *i.e.*, houses where a number of students live together, and receive part or all of their board at small cost or for nothing. Then a generous citizen will invite a student to dine with him, once, twice, or so a week regularly through the session.

As many are poor, there is not much dandy dressing; little appearance of cash save in certain classes. The "Agricul-

turists," *i.e.* students in the Agricultural School, appear to be a moneyed class.

A rather high stand of intellectual fitness is obtained in the men by requiring every matriculant to present a certificate of examination in the highest class of the Gymnasia, or high schools. This is about equivalent to our "Intermediate" examination in McGill University, the examination at the end of the second year in college. I think Latin is more thoroughly studied in these gymnasia than it is with us, prior to the "Intermediate." All who purpose studying Theology at the University, study enough Hebrew to be able to read comfortably in easy books. Then they leave the gymnasium when all has been under strict discipline—where each one has been obliged to follow prescribed courses of study, pass regular examinations for promotion from one class to the other, and so on. They present their papers at the University, name the Faculty in which they wish to study, Theology, Law, Medicine, or Philosophy, are inscribed in the big books, the student receives a big sheet certifying the matriculation, and, with no further examination, they are University students. Each chooses for himself the lectures he wishes to hear, perhaps from five or six hours a day, and announces

himself to the University Treasurer, who receives the fees, usually one thaler (*i.e.*, 75c.) for the semester of six months, for a lecture delivered once a week; two thalers if it be twice a week, and at that rate on. He must then announce himself to the Professors he is to hear, and is now at liberty to do what he pleases, study as much or as little as he likes, or what he likes. There are sometimes counsels given him printed, and if he wish, after University study, to pass examination to enter a profession he must bring testimony that he has heard lectures on certain subjects, but in the arrangement of his time he is his own master. We would be very unwise to jump to the conclusion that this method is the best, as if everything in the line of study which the Germans have were perfect. By no means, that is very evident; but the Professors publish in some instances instructions for the students, in which they very plainly point out just those dangers we would expect to exist. I have an opinion that the strong backbone of German learning is built in the Gymnasia. It seems to me that, in general, the students while there are harder workers than afterwards at the University. In the Gymnasia the systematic compulsory method is very rigidly followed. But, of the University students, the five or six hours a day of lectures leaves little time for study. Don't the German students work fifteen hours a day? says somebody. No, indeed. That story is trash. A young man of twenty-nine, a splendid specimen of philosophical and theological culture, for his age, told me in conversation the other day that a man could sometimes work twelve hours, *i.e.*, including in the twelve hours everything save sleep, meals and exercise, but that ordinarily one would not work so much. The same man votes strongly for eight hours in bed. Let me give you an idea of a student's day. He takes his two cups of coffee with a couple of small rolls at, say 7 a.m., takes a bit of bread and but-

ter at 9 or 10, dines at 12 or 1. The forenoon he has occupied in reading in his room or hearing lectures, perhaps three or four of the latter. These last only 45 minutes each, the first 15 minutes; so-called "academical quarter" being spent in promenading in the University corridors. After dinner he sits a while, say an hour, and then, or later, drinks a cup or two of coffee, then takes a walk of from an hour to an hour and a half, then goes to his room or to lectures as in the forenoon, till, say, half-past 7, when he takes supper. After this, in, I suppose, a great majority of cases, he spends his evening with his society or friends in a beer-hall or garden, where he remains till 10, 10½, 11 or later. Of course the later ones do not rise at 6½, but at 8 or later.

A good many students work just ordinarily at each subject necessary for their future examination, but a large number take some special topic and devote the most of their time to that; perhaps having lectures on various subjects in their private "Attendance Book" as paid for, but doing nothing more than hearing them, and often not that. The free plan above described favors this, and of course makes it possible for men to cultivate largely any peculiar talent, and become very proficient in any branch. So it comes about that Germany has so many men who are profoundly learned in special branches. So science can be very thoroughly advanced. This has its advantages, while for the great mass of men our method in America is more practical. Our aim should be to hit the happy mean, and so secure a general good culture among all classes, and at the same time a body of men whose life-work is to investigate and to promote science. The public must suffer without these secluded students; but the public mind must be a well drilled one if it is to appreciate the results and to get the full benefit of them. Here, as elsewhere, division of labor pays.

THE KEY TO "COWPER'S GRAVE."

BY J. D. A.

Poetry is life, and quickens where it touches. It speaks right to the heart, because it embodies the very soul of the poet, which meets ours in the words his pen has written. But often, while feeling the thrill that answers to life, we fail of the joy of sympathy for lack of knowledge to enter in. How many in following Goldsmith's description of "Sweet Auburn's" Pastor, knowing nothing of that which he portrays, feel only the glowing soul of the poet, and enter not at all into the loving reverence and enthusiasm which inspired him! There are depths in his song which they cannot reach with him, for they do not understand.

Mrs. Browning's verses upon Cowper's Grave are an eminent instance of this. Their wealth of thought and feeling yields only to two keys: the one, a knowledge of the life of which it speaks: the other, such a knowledge as the writer had of God the Father, of Christ, of redeeming love and faithfulness and unchangeableness. Even the intelligent Christian must

.... "read through dimming tears, his story,"
and know

"How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,"

if he would enter into the "quiet sadness," the "meekness that is gratefulness," and the triumph exulting in its confidence, which breathe and speak and ring in these lines.

Will you read with me his strange, sad story? and then with the poetess,

"On Cowper's grave," behold "his rapture in a vision!"

Had his high-born mother, when her child was laid in her arms, seen to the end of his earthly life, would she not, with the weakness of human love, have prayed,

"Take him home now, Father." Sorrow, fear, pain and feebleness, gayety for a little, agony, insanity, peace and joy (for a few bright years), despair, grey calm disturbed by clouds and storms as often as by rifts and sunshine, and the long deepening darkness that thickened down to death; these made up his life.

His childhood was chilled by his mother's early death, and tortured beyond endurance by the cruelty of malicious and unthinking schoolfellows. Yet his youth was one of gayety, and somewhat of idleness. Soon, however, the brightness was all swallowed up in one wave of trouble, which to one of his nature was overwhelming. Reason gave way. For eighteen months the "maniac" battled with agony or yielded to despair.

"The son of parents passed into the skies"

thought himself lost forever. The horror of that "great darkness" must have been more awful than at any subsequent period, for it does not appear that he then loved the Lord whose face he thought forever turned from him. That lesson was learned as the light broke; perhaps it was in that that the light did break. When the Master had entered into the ship, "immediately there was a great calm."

Beautiful and touching is the history of the succeeding seven or eight years. Chastened, but happy now, he found a quiet home with the Unwins, and Christian fellowship with noble old John Newton and others. During these years almost all of his hymns were written—hymns that show the tried, but trusting, joyful, intelligent growing Christian. With child-like love and confidence he then sang,—

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

These words must have sounded to himself like a mockery in subsequent years.

When the bright period had passed, the cloud swept over him again, and "*he feared as he entered into the cloud.*" It was then, as its black shadow fell upon him, he sent up that great trust-song that cannot die:—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;"

closing with:

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

For almost four years from that time, insane despair hid his Lord from his view. It might be said that the fact of his loving Him under whose irreversible condemnation he now supposed himself, must have intensified the sufferings in this second attack. More acute, more agonizing, they may have been—perhaps, must have been; but it was pain rather than fear this time—the grief, sorrow, of a disinherited child, rather than the horror of a condemned criminal, and there is sometimes relief in the exchange of fear for pain, and sorrow has its own joy, if it be nothing more than a consciousness of the inexpressible preciousness of that which is gone. Reverently we apply the poet's lines even in this sad case,—

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

And, besides, he had not lost; he only thought he had.

Even as reason gradually regained its sway, the stricken spirit could not regain its hope. His subsequent history is always either haunted by despair's spectre or chilled by despair's presence. Not that there was no gladness in those shaded years. A spectral woe is not a real one, though often appearing even more fearful; and many a happy hour he must have spent, lovingly painting the beautiful things he sometimes could forget were not for him. The direct smile of his Father's love he could not feel, but that smile as re-

flected in the beauties of nature and the glories of grace would enter and fill his heart, and spread a degree of peace and even joy there, whether he would or not. "The frantic hands outstretched" could no more "avert" that than they could avert the healing touch of the "atoning drops." And in this reflected light he lived much of the time, and was not so unhappy as he might think himself he ought to have been.

Perhaps the saddest part of the story is the ever-darkening character of the last six years. He said, sadly, that the only way he could perceive any light was by the constant thickening of the shadow. Those who look to death-bed sayings for a main evidence of saving grace must turn away with sorrowful heart from the couch where this Christian poet died, unless the beautiful smile that settled on the dead face could reassure them of his glad surprise.

"And devout men carried him to his burial," and many then and since have "made great lamentation over him." But should it be so?

"God is His own interpreter,
And He *has* made it plain."

Will you join now in the "grief and humbleness," the "quiet sadness" yet "no gloom," the "meekness that is gratefulness," and the abounding triumph and confidence of the poetess who thinks upon these things by

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
decaying—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amidst
their praying;

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence
language:

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she
gave her anguish.

O Poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the
deathless singing!

O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand
was clinging!

O Men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths
beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died
while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read, through dimming
tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the
glory.

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a living face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meekest adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name, of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along, where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses.
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-nesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing.
Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses:

That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"

As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending over,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes that closed in death to save him.

Thus? Oh not *thus*! No type on earth could image that awaking

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking;

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,

But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew—"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that while the Cross in darkness rested

Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,

And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry, this universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy lips, amidst His lost creation,

That, of the lost, *no* son should use those words of desolation;

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

A WEEK AMONG THE ALPS.

WEDNESDAY, August 21st, 1872.—At 4.30 a. m., K. and I were awakened by our overhasty boots at the Hotel de Genève, Geneva, who warned us that the stage for Chamouni left at seven o'clock. We were not late, but having taken our seats only the previous evening our turn came last to jump on the waggon, and as the other passengers occupied all the seats we were obliged either to go into the baggage box, where it was dark as pitch and just as dirty, or hold on to the foot board over the horses' tails. We chose the latter, and the effects of that drive over a dusty road were felt for some time afterwards. The road lay along the banks of the river Arve most of the way, and through the interesting Pass of Luz, where the high, bare mountains and occasional water-falls varied the otherwise somewhat monotonous drive. About half way a halt of three-quarters of an hour was made to give the passengers time for breakfast. I improved the time by paying a running visit to the Cascade de Crépin, a pretty water-fall of considerable size near the Baths of St. Gervais, about half a mile distant, though warned by the guard that I had not time enough to do so.

The number of pear trees loaded with fruit that we passed was a novel sight to me, while the pears for sale at the relaying stations were execrable and full of worms. On the mountain sides we found an abundance of ripe blueberries, and every time the horses were obliged to walk up hill some of us would make excursions after the blueberries, to the amusement of many of the passengers, who did not know what they were. About half-past four, our coach and four reached Chamouni (54 miles), but K. and I, having previously forwarded all our

baggage to Milan by express, did not make any stop at the village, but walked right on up the mountain about 5 miles to Montanvert, a place well known to tourists, whence we had a magnificent view of the glacier called the Mer de Glace, and of the various snow-covered mountain peaks around. Brought thus for the first time face to face with one of Nature's most wonderful sights and marvels, I experienced "the same feeling as when first I trod the sea-shore at Portland—a sort of exulting pleasure, which despite the rain which now began to fall soon forced me to the glacier's edge and over it to the rock called the Chapeau, on the other side. I stuck my alpenstock into the ice every few minutes to assure myself of the reality of the article, and peered into the various gulfs and hollows with which the glacier abounded. Darkness, however, soon accomplished what rain could not, and undaunted, though soaking wet, I found myself back at the hotel on Montanvert, where I met an American gentleman, Mr. W., of New York, and the conversation I had with him, and its results, will be given further on. It had been the intention of K. and myself to follow out an Alpine excursion recommended by Baedeker as one of the most imposing in Switzerland for robust and practiced pedestrians, viz: From Chamouni by the Col de Bonhomme, the Col de la Seigne, Courmayeur, Col de Ferret, Hospice St. Bernard, Aosta, Châtillon, the Matterjoch, Zermatt, Saas, Monte Moro, Macugnaga, and Varalls to Lago Maggiore, a course occupying 10 or 11 days; guides not absolutely necessary but desirable for the passes. This course, as will be seen, was followed as a whole with two or three notable exceptions, the first of which was occasioned by the *rencontre* with Mr. W., who, with a guide, had spent the day walking to the Jardin and the Glacier

de Talèfre. Mr. W.'s first intention was to go to Courmayeur by the route we had chosen, but his guide had told him that he could reach Courmayeur in one day instead of two by taking a short cut directly over the mountains, traversing the Col du Géant and its Glacier and Sérac. The guide, who had ascended Mont Blanc 18 times, admitted that such a course was more difficult and dangerous, though shorter and less fatiguing than the ascent of Mont Blanc; but asserted that it was a much finer walk; that the views it gave of the surrounding peaks and glaciers were unparalleled, and that with proper guides and care it could be accomplished in perfect safety.

Naturally enough, we were fired by such an account of an Alpine Pass, and finally concluded to remain at Montanvert with Mr. W. all night, so that we might make a very early start; while the guide, having received instructions to make all necessary preparations, ordered our boots to be spiked with tremendous nails and went back to Chamouni; and while waiting for morning I will just try and give you some idea of glaciers, seracs, &c. Glaciers are formed of the snow which, falling above the snow line (8,000 feet), is gradually melted during the day and at night frozen into a solid mass; thus, layer by layer, a stupendous mass of pure ice is formed, which is continually forced down by its own weight into the valleys below, where it keeps on melting in the same proportion as it gathers. Masses of rock are frequently detached by these glaciers and carried along, their courses forming high banks on either side called *moraines*. When a glacier in its course flows over a steep place or precipice, the surface cracks all over, forming ugly chasms or crevasses, and leaving in many places solitary sharp-peaked masses of ice, called ice-needles and ice-pyramids; the whole cataract is called a *Sérac*, and as the ice river is in perpetual motion, these séracs are always changing in position and character.

THURSDAY, August 22nd.—“How is the weather?” was the first exclamation of the three voyageurs as the maître d’hotel roused us up at 4 o’clock. It had rained heavily until 10 o’clock the previous evening, but then cleared off somewhat. At 3 o’clock

in the morning a heavy mist had settled on the mountains and threatened to upset our arrangements; but as we dressed the mist began to rise, and half in hope, half in doubt, we whiled away the time until the arrival of the guides with the information that we would start and attempt the passage in about an hour. While eating a regulation breakfast of tea, bread, butter, and eggs, the necessary arrangements and provisions for the journey were made. The party consisted of W., K., and myself, three experienced guides and a porter. We three were allowed to carry nothing but our alpenstocks; the first or leading guide had nothing except a coil of rope; the other guides carried knapsacks, as did the porter, who had the heaviest burden, provisions, &c. The alpenstocks of the guides were headed with a combined pick and adze or hatchet, but the porter was not allowed that privilege. At six o’clock we started, two guides leading and the rest of us following in any order we chose. For nearly an hour we scrambled along the edge of some high rocks called “Les Ponts,” obliged to pick every step, as the least slip would send one forty feet down among the rocks below. Then we walked along on a moraine composed of pieces of granite and pebbles, where the guides were, at times, obliged to use their picks to make steps. Emerging on to the Mer de Glace we had time to look around. On our right rose the rough rocks of Très-la-Porte; the high, sharp-pointed Aiguille du Moine rose on our left. We walked on up the Mer de Glace in 1½ hours. The guides allowed us to approach the edge of a circular hole, about 15’ in circumference, going right down 300’ to the bottom of the glacier. A small torrent thus found an outlet and thundered down with hollow roar which could be heard a long way off. In 1¾ hours the Junction of the Glacier du Talèfre with the Mer de Glace was reached; the line of junction was defined by a small moraine, where I found a very clear piece of rock crystal. From here a good view was obtained of the beautifully grand, but dangerous, Sérac du Géant, over which the road had to be found. In two hours we turned to the right towards a sérac between Les Capuchins frowning on the right, and the lofty Tacul on

the left, and in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours were at the foot of the Sérac du Col du Géant, and beheld it in all its glory and frightful grandeur. Far up before us into the slowly rising mists the icy mass rose, a sea in a regular hurricane, ice pinacles, chasms, ridges, crevasses, caverns, roaring waters and bluish-greenish glittering needles—a scene of almost dazzling splendor, and apparently quite impassable, so thick together did the vast yawning gulfs appear, and so high the walls of purest ice to be scaled rose above them one after the other. We soon reached the first chasm, and the guides scattered right and left looking for a passage over the apparently unfathomable abyss; for after a straight line of 200'—300', the gap took a bend and was lost to sight though not to sound, for far below the water gurgled along. A spot having been selected where the gap was only 5'—6' wide a guide jumped over; another followed, and I was about to try my hand at it when the captain of the party bawled out: "*Pas d'indiscrétion, s'il vous plaît!*" and recoiling rapidly, a rope was tied round me, one end of which was thrown to the guides on the other side and the other end held by the remainder of the party. Having approached the brink the order "*sauter!*" (jump) was given, and at the same time the guides on the other side gave a sufficient pull to have landed me across St. James street. As a natural consequence the chasm was cleared, and not a few feet on the other side, and I was lying in a very spready attitude on the ice, involuntarily growling. The others were jumped in the same manner, and we stopped for a few minutes to take a smacker and put on jeggings, as we were soon to reach the snow limits, and what had been rain below would be snow above. We, however, soon had evidence that the snow limit had not been reached, for it began to rain heavily and a thick fog came on, we were then roped together; the leader or captain, who had been up Mont Blanc 22 times, went first; I was placed next, either as being the least valued or surest-footed of the *voyageurs*, for it was the most dangerous place, at about 7 feet distance, the rest followed, each at a distance of 10 to 12 feet from each other; a guide after me, then K., another guide, W. and the porter, making, when

spread out, a line about 70' in length. Having been cautioned again and again, to step in the exact marks of the leader, as when past the snow line crevasses were numerous and hidden, the order to march was again given. I felt no inconvenience from the rope, which was fastened around my waist, and tied on the left side.

The next place we had to pass worthy of note was along an ice ridge about 20 feet long, and varying in width from 7 inches to $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet. A pleasant precipice went out of sight on the right, and a cheerful ice slope at an angle of about 60 degrees led into a cataract 500' down on the left side. My guide shook his head. "*C'est bien mauvais,*" he said; but there was no other road, so, carefully planting himself, he hewed each step deep in the ice and made his way slowly across. I followed somewhat nervously, as with all my gymnastic training nothing could afford a grip if any slip were made; and I felt even more nervous lest some one else should slip, for along such a ridge any one would train the others after him if he fell. The guides were pleased when we had cleared that place. The snow line was now passed; the rain, which had ceased some time before, again came on as snow, but happily for our enjoyment did not last long; and as soon as it ceased I looked round on the general view, when, like shot off a shovel, down I went into a miserable crack! A quick spring brought me out almost before the rope had time to feel the strain, and the guides said very little; not so, however, with K., who received a considerable lecture for venturing on a simple snow drift with nothing firm beneath to look down a gulf, and who was quickly hauled back. We passed up and down, and over many other places of more or less danger or difficulty, where the axes and picks were in constant requisition, and at $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours had almost attained the summit of the Sérac, when another gulf yawned before us, very wide at the top, but diminishing to about five feet. A few paces downwards, steps were again cut in the face of the almost perpendicular ice on our side, while on the other a comparatively easy road could be made under an overhanging mass of ice; but the gulf was nevertheless quite difficult and dangerous enough. After crossing I

turned to watch K. come down, and was calling out to him to walk right down when I was instantly stopped by the leader, who warned me that the least noise might bring down that avalanche of ice on our heads. Looking up I realized at once the danger, for the vast mass was already half detached and looked as though a child's touch would send it down. That passage scared W. more than anything else during the day; it was, however, passed in safety, and we came to the last difficulty of the Sérac: an appalling chasm or gulf about 12' wide, called "La Grande Crevasse," and always existing at that particular place. A bridge of mixed ice and snow of an exceedingly unreliable character spanned it in one place. The leading guide could thrust his apenstock through it and feared to venture on; but there was no other course, for the crevasse extended on either side as far as the eye could reach. The order was therefore given to fall back and *s'appuie*, or plant one's self as firmly as possible immediately. The 70' of rope was stretched to its fullest extent, and each one planted his feet firmly and struck his spike deep into the glacier at every step, and thus we advanced; for it was known that had the leader gone down, I must have followed, as we were both on the bridge at the same time, and by keeping the rope strained, all possible jerking would be avoided, and the rest of the party would have been sufficient to hold firm and draw us out. Fortunately, however, the snow was sufficiently strong, and, passing without accident, we were over the principal dangers of the day, and in five hours from the time of starting sat down to lunch on hard-boiled eggs, tough meat, bread, butter, honey and wine; for no one was allowed to drink water. Shortly before making this halt we heard, but could not see, two avalanches; one in particular was evidently a large one, as, for apparently two or three minutes, we all stopped to listen to it as with great noise it forced its way along, now roaring like distant thunder and again crackling and booming like a heavy discharge of small arms and artillery. While we were eating the clouds cleared away, the sun shone out, and we had a fine view of our position. On our right rose the mighty Mont Blanc, quite near and seemingly not much higher than we were. Around it stood out in formidable array, tall bare rocks in every form, pinnacles, towers, minarets and steeples; bleak and wild sentinels they were in the midst of everlasting snows and glaciers. Before us the immense glaciers of the Col du Géant and Mont Blanc ascended panorama-like for miles dazzlingly bright. On our left the towering Dent du Géant, the Aiguilles Vert, du Dru and du Moine half clothed in white, and from some part of which the avalanche we had heard had probably fallen, while in rear was the glacier we had just come over with the mountains before mentioned, and many others—a rare Alpine sight. Having duly rested ourselves, and refreshed our inward selves as well, we at 5½' (or 11.30 a.m.) continued our way skywards up the Glacier du Géant and shortly after met a gentleman with two guides (7'), a very unusual meeting, and of which some of the guides availed themselves by changing places, and so returning to their respective homes. At the great height we had now reached the thinness of the air became very appreciable. W. was so puffed he could scarcely walk, and was obliged to rest every few minutes; K. became faint, white and sick, for which he was obliged to take a drop of Cognac, while I felt light and happy, and began humming French songs; at the same time I could blow blood from my nose; the porter was even more merry than I, and gabbled and sang at a great rate. In 8½' we reached the summit of the Col du Géant, 11,027 feet above the level of the sea. A pile of stones on the summit marked the line of division between France and Italy. I added one thereto, and standing on top waved my *tuyau* in triumph. Getting behind some more rocks out of the wind, we had some more lunch, then admired the unrivalled view embracing the whole chain of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Monte Saxe, Mont Corneil, and a whole host of other snowcapped peaks, glaciers and barren mountains. Below lay more than 7,000 feet down, the pretty valley of Courmayeur, dotted with villages and recalling scenes in the history of Christian martyrs, and several other picturesque valleys also in Pied

mont. After an hour's rest we commenced a most precipitous descent over granite rocks called *Les Rochers du Géant*, rocks I would never dare to try alone; and after an hour and a quarter ($10\frac{3}{4}'$) we had got over the most "difficult part and untied the ropes. In 12' we reached the first hut high on the mountain and after a fatiguing walk of two hours more we sank pretty well exhausted into armchairs at the *Hotel Royal*, village of *Courmayeur*, at 8 p.m. After a journey of 35 miles in 14 hours, washed our feet, paid the guides 60 francs each, porter 30, which shows the value of the risks, had supper and retired. Miles travelled to date, 7,350. Had alpenstock marked.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23rd.—This morning we rose at 7 o'clock, and at 9 o'clock left with Mr. W., who had had enough of walking, and took a mule and guide. Passing along the *Vallée de Ferret* we reached the foot of the *Col de Ferret* at 11.15 a.m., and began its ascent. At 1 p.m. it poured rain; we entered an old *châlet* and ate our dinner, during which time it cleared up, and we obtained a good view of the *Glacier du Dorent*, the *Allée Blanche*, and the *Vallée de Ferret*. At 2.45 p.m. we gained the summit of the *Col de Ferret*, 8,183 feet high, and descending, reached the valley of *Sair* at 4 p.m., and immediately began the ascent of the *Col de Fenêtre* over a steep rough road where even the guide missed the road once. At 6 p.m. I struck my alpenstock into the first snow, and at 6.45 p.m. reached the top of the *Col de Fenêtre*, 8,855 feet high. From here to the *Hospice of Great St. Bernard* all along the top of the mountain we had a terrible time; it snowed and blew awfully; we could scarcely keep in sight of each other and shivered with cold; even the guide occasionally was at a loss; finally we reached the brink of the deep valley which separated us from the *Hospice*, and hastening down it, and up the opposite side, the storm occasionally lifting and allowing us to see the bare rocky peaks, we at length reached the celebrated *Hospice of Great St. Bernard*, thankful that such an establishment existed, and that we had been able to find it in time after a 30 mile hard walk. On our arrival we were welcomed

by a good-looking monk (I thought more of the pious monks of *St. Bernard* when out that night in the snow-storm than ever I did before), who conducted us to a three-bedded room, and told us dinner would be ready very soon. On entering the dining-room we found it full of lady and gentlemen tourists, 35 altogether; 72 had been there the preceding Tuesday; this was rather a surprise. As Friday and Saturday are fast days, our meal consisted of the following courses: Soup, gruel, fish, omelette, rice with stewed prunes, bread and cheese, nuts and figs; having done our meal full justice we retired wet and cold, for we had no extra clothes, and the building was not heated.

The celebrated *Hospice of St. Bernard*, 8,996 feet above the level of the sea, is a monastery consisting of two large buildings two stories high and stable beneath, one of which, where we were, is divided into numerous rooms with wooden partitions for travellers; the other is a refuge in case of fire; it is smaller and also serves as a lodging for poor travellers. The buildings themselves are of stone, and in such a place very imposing. A small lake spreads out in front, and a morgue at the side of the main building. 19 monks and 7 domestics are at present stationed in the monastery. No charges are made, but travellers are expected to put into the alms box at least as much as their ordinary hotel board.

We woke at 8 a.m. on Saturday morning, August 24th, and having made a breakfast of coffee, toast, butter and honey, and visited the neat chapel and deposited our offering in the alms box, we sallied forth, saw one of the celebrated white and brown *St. Bernard* dogs, a noble-looking brute, peered into the morgue, a horrible place full of bones and corpses in various stages of decomposition. Having bid good-bye to Mr. W., we started down the valley to *Aosta* at 9.35 a.m. I was a drizzly cold morning on *St. Bernard's Pass*, and the first hour of the descent we were very chilly, then the clouds were left behind and we were comfortable, then warm, then hot, until finally, soaking with perspiration, we reached the ancient town of *Aosta* through numbers of walnut

trees, whose nuts grow inside shells like hickory nuts, and large vineyards, at 2.30 p.m., where we stopped at the Crown Hotel, ordered dinner, and washed ourselves and our feet. After a rest of two hours we again started for Châtillon, 15 miles distant, all down hill and over a hot, dusty road, and after the hardest, hottest day's walking I ever had over a hard road, reached Châtillon at 9.45 p.m., very much fatigued with the length of the walk (36 miles) and the heat of the day, and put up for the night at the good Hotel de Londres, where we retired after a light supper of bread and milk.

During our walk down the valley we could notice one or two striking peculiarities of the Alps, and none more than the difference of the effect of the higher and

colder latitudes on the trees. In the vale and town of Aosta the trees were of the largest kinds, walnut, etc.; these did not grow higher up, but our pine trees grew everywhere and had a remarkable appearance; low down in the valley they grew tall and large, but as the mountains rose these trees grew gradually smaller and smaller, and at length either all vegetation ceased, or the pine trees were so small as only to deserve the name of bushes three or four feet high. We saw nothing growing higher or as high as the snow limit, but on the summit of the Great St. Bernard, nearly 9,000 feet high, were a number of large and small flowers almost among the snow, most of them everlasting; I am sorry I was not in a gathering mood at the time, but the colors were generally pale blue or white.

TEARS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

"Mortal.—Hark! what's that I hear?
Lucifer.—An angel weeping—
 Earth's guardian angel—she is
 ever weeping."

Bailey's Festus.

Tears, glistening tears,
 They are the crystal drops whose liquid lapse
 Doth count the hours in the great glass of Time.
 The strong-winged seraphim who traverse space,
 The angels who excel in strength, who waft
 Our prayers on high to God, list 'mid the hush
 That follows after prayer, the trickling of
 Our tears, and hear them falling with
 The gentle falling of the dew in sad
 And mournful everness of woe.

The blind old World goes sobbing on her way,
 And feels the dropping of her children's tears—
 The hot and scalding tears that fall upon
 Her breast and make her great heart ever heave
 With anguished mother-throes.

But oh! not always wept she thus; when sang
 The morning stars together, chanting high
 Loud pæans to their mighty Maker's praise,
 She blithely joined the lofty chorus of
 The sister spheres, that roll along their paths
 Of gold, rejoicing in their silver light—
 As does a warrior in his strength, or as
 A blushing bride in her own loveliness—
 And ever raise on high their star-lipped song
 Of laud and honor and ascription as
 They circle round the throne of God—bright star
 To star loud calling, 'mid abyssal space
 And deep to deep.

But Earth, our fair yet frail and erring Earth,
 Hath wandered from her shining path of bliss,
 And ever weepeth on her weary way,
 For Sin upreared its hideous head and dragged
 Its slimy trail across the lovely Earth,
 Hence it is bathed with tears; the very stars
 Weep tears of dew upon its breast.

O Earth! O beautiful but sin-stained Earth!
 O God-accurs't but God-redeemed Earth!
 What melancholy heritage of woe
 Hath been thy lot! what sighs have charged thy
 gales!

What scalding tears have trickled o'er thy face!
 But oh! not ever need'st thou weep, for One
 Hath wept for thee—the sinless One, whose steps
 Were marked with tears—*He* wept for thee, yea
 groaned

In agony for thee—for *thee*, O Earth!
 God's tears have fallen on thy face, that thou
 Might'st weep no more. The whole creation groaned
 Beneath its curse, but now, redeemed, may raise
 A higher note than planet eldest born,
 Than planet unredeemed, unblest. "Much may
 She love, for she is much forgiven." Then cease
 Thy weeping fond old Earth; dry up thy tears
 And let no place be found for grief forever more.

CANADA'S EARLY MARINE.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

It is with no small degree of national pride that we learn that the Dominion of Canada now ranks as the third maritime power among the commercial nations of the earth. Occupying as she does the most favorable position on the American continent for marine trade, and commanding an extensive line of sea coast, her influence in this respect will undoubtedly increase in a rapid ratio. Confederation gave an impetus to all branches of commerce, but notably to shipping industries, which, in spite of the abrogation of reciprocal trade with the United States, has annually expanded, and found new channels for encouragement. But our present object is to show that from an early date in the history of our country there has been a most commendable ambition manifested by Canadians, in improving the decided advantages they hold by way of water communication.

Robert Fulton must be credited with the first successful application of steam to the propelling of boats on the water. In 1807, after repeated trials and failures, he completed the experiment which so much astonished the simple-minded people who witnessed the strange movements of the little "Clermont," as she slowly moved against the tide of the Hudson. This novelty in marine appliances was of 150 tons burden, her engine having been imported from Birmingham, England. Though an unquestioned triumph, and one that has conferred lasting benefits upon mankind, a bolder conception was soon to follow, having its origin in Canada. The "Clermont" was only intended to navigate the placid waters of the Hudson river, but John Molson, of Montreal, launched, in 1809, the "Accommodation," of greater dimensions and capable of braving the turbulent St. Lawrence between that city and Quebec. This boat was finished with considerable elegance, and caused a sensation when she

first appeared on her natural element. It is reported that she carried ten passengers on the trial trip, who were regarded as the bravest spirits in the city, willing to peril their lives for the experience of so novel a mode of travelling. When the boat reached Quebec all the inhabitants flocked to the river in order to obtain a view of the saucy craft, which glided through the water like a thing of life. Her safe arrival and successful working was celebrated as an event worthy of special regard, and the remainder of the day was given up to hilarious rejoicing. The fare for this pleasant accommodation was, eight dollars down and nine dollars up, and the boat was well patronized. The "Accommodation" was the second boat propelled by steam built in America. It took her thirty-six hours to sail from Montreal to Quebec, and considerably longer time to return.

Settlements about this time were beginning to develop upon the shores of the western lakes, and here as on the St. Lawrence the Canadians took the lead in marine enterprises. In 1815 a company of the leading commercial men of Kingston decided upon building a steamboat for trade and travelling purposes on Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte. The following year witnessed the launching of the "Frontenac," of about 700 tons, and pronounced by good judges to be the best sample of naval architecture yet produced in America. Her builder was one Henry Teabout, who competed with a Scotchman named Bruce, from Montreal, for the contract, and was successful. There were, at that time, many difficulties in the way of such an undertaking, and the expenses were consequently very great. We learn from records relating to that particular period that the entire cost of this boat when completed reached nearly £20,000 sterling, certainly a high figure considered in the light of present enterprises of this nature. But

the "Frontenac" was a fortunate boat, and during the many years she continued to ply between Kingston and the head of the Lake, her owners accumulated a snug fortune. In a few years after the building of the "Frontenac" several steamboats were launched at Kingston and Finckle's Point, some 18 miles west, on the Bay of Quinte. We have no knowledge of any similar crafts having been built on the south shore earlier than this date, and from reliable authority we learn there were none. A small boat, called "Walk-in-the-Water," was built at Buffalo about the same time the "Frontenac" was begun at Kingston, and was, so far as known, the first on Lake Erie. Further west steam power was not available, owing to the primitive state of settlement, and when introduced was probably about equally divided between the two countries bordering the great Lakes.

Having established Canadian pre-eminence in the introduction of steamboats upon the fresh-water lakes, it now remains for us to push forward a claim for similar honor on the ocean. This may seem presumption of the boldest kind, but there are existing facts, nevertheless, which induce us to make the attempt. If we do presume too much it will be an easy matter for some one, better informed on the subject, to make the necessary correction through the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

There is a statement on record to the effect that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, from Europe to America, was in 1819. (Previous to this time they had been quite extensively employed in the home trade of Great Britain, and were already assuming large proportions and great power.) This announcement, if substantially correct, would be fatal to Canadian glory, but it admits of some explanatory remarks which modify its force and give us the honor claimed. By reference to nautical regulations then enforced we find that though nominally steamships, such vessels when crossing the ocean made their way almost entirely by means of sails, the engine only being used when head winds prevailed, and even then at a low rate of speed. This manner of navigating the great distance prevailed for a number of years. In 1833 the "Royal William," of

180 horse power and 1,000 tons burden, was built at Three Rivers, on the lower St. Lawrence, and was intended to sail between a Nova Scotian port and Cowes, Isle of Wight. We have the best of authority for asserting that *she was the first steamship to make the entire voyage across the Atlantic under steam*. From that year may be noted the inauguration of a new era in trans-oceanic communication; a more powerful and faster class of boats was introduced, the use of steam being entirely relied upon for motive power, and sails only employed as aids at certain times. Thus it would appear that a Canadian built ship, manned by Canadian seamen (presumably so), and sailing from a Canadian port, was the first to demonstrate the superiority of steam over wind and wave in connection with the navigation of the boisterous Atlantic.

With respect to sailing vessels there will need little argument to sustain the position we have assumed, for any one at all acquainted with the early history of this continent must admit all we claim. The French led in the race for supremacy, beginning with the early part of the seventeenth century, and pushed their fortunes resolutely westward from the citadel of Cape Diamond to the great inland lakes. In 1678, La Salle, whose name is so honorably associated with the Mississippi exploration, built *the first vessel that ever floated upon Lake Ontario*, at the fort of Cataraqui, now Kingston, and with De Tonti, Father Hennepin and others set out on his long and perilous journey of discovery. This primordial ship, of no mean proportions, was taken as far as the Niagara river, where further progress was interrupted by the great falls, and she was then sent back to Cataraqui, after having her freight removed to the point above, where another was being constructed. With all possible expedition the work was performed, and in a few months the second vessel built by this enthusiastic Frenchman, and *the first to sail on the bosom of Erie*, was launched. She was, according to the old writers, superior to the one used on Ontario, being larger and constructed somewhat after the style of ocean ships, then in vogue. Her stern and bow were broad and considerably ele-

vated, so that she looked much like a Dutch galliot, towering above the water in majestic proportions. Garneau, a careful observer and reliable authority, says she was christened "Griffon," but Father Henepin, in his memorials of the expedition, speaks of her as the "Cataraqui." This was evidently the name of the vessel built at Cataraqui, the Jesuit Father having confounded the names when writing. The "Griffon" was sailed successfully through Lakes Erie, St. Clair and the Huron, reaching Michilimacinae, the limit of French possession towards the west, on the 28th day of August, 1679. Here a valuable load of peltries and Indian commodities was put on board, and the vessel set sail on her return trip to Niagara. She never reached the straits of Detroit, having met with a sad and mysterious fate on the broad and boisterous bosom of Huron. None of those composing her crew survived to tell the tale of misfortune, and thus the pioneer vessel on the western lakes disappeared after a very brief career.

We have no information concerning the fate of the "Cataraqui," as we shall call La Salle's first vessel, but it is probable she continued in the service of the French, during their subsequent trading negotiations on Lake Ontario. From this period may be dated the origin of the Canadian marine, which, though composed of few vessels, and these of light burden, was an important aid in the work of exploration and commercial intercourse. After the conquest of the provinces by the British the attention to water communication between distant parts of the colony did not abate, but rather received a fresh impetus, and the result was soon manifest in the development of important enterprises. In 1766 there were several vessels plying on Lake Erie and the more remote parts of the great inland chain of navigable waters, among them the "Gladwin," "Victory," "Boston," "Brunswick," &c. It would appear that during this period the prospects of the more western sections attracted attention, and consequently greater activity in ship-building was the result. The Duke of Gloucester, with several others, built two vessels at Point-aux-Pins, Lake Huron, in 1770, their object being the utilization of copper mines on the shores of Lake Superior. This would

indicate quite an extensive field for the exercise of commercial affairs,] and of course all such attempts were dependent upon the shipping facilities then commanded.

During the Revolutionary war Carleton Island, at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, and Kingston were the scenes of active preparations on the part of the British Government. Naval stores were collected at these points for distribution among the remote garrisons, and several vessels for war purposes were constructed. We have mention of the "Ontario," carrying twenty-two guns, and commanded by Commodore James Andrews, of the Royal Navy, being one of the first built at Carleton Island. In 1781, while this vessel was proceeding from Niagara to Oswego with a detachment of the King's Own regiment, a severe storm arose at night, and the whole of her crew and passengers were drowned. This melancholy occurrence produced a widespread feeling of sorrow, and was for many years the subject of conversation among those familiar with the circumstances. At Kingston the Government built the "Mohawk," "Duke of Kent," "Mississagua," and "Speedy," all of which were employed in the transportation of war material during the continuance of hostilities, and afterwards, served for commercial purposes. The last named had a sad termination in 1807. On the 7th of October of that year, she left York (Toronto) for Newcastle, having among her passengers Justice Cochrane, Mr. Gray, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Angus McDonald, who were on their way to attend the Assizes in the latter place. When near her destination a terrible gale arose, and the "Speedy" with all on board went to the bottom, never to be heard of more. Such a calamity produced a deep feeling throughout the young community, and the untimely death of so many prominent men was greatly lamented by all classes. The Solicitor-General, especially, seems to have obtained a large share of public confidence, and was spoken of as "a noble character, noted for his sympathy on behalf of abolishing slavery."

An early survey of the lakes and principal harbors on the Canadian side, by order of Lord Dorchester, recommended the use

of good, reliable charts in navigation, as the vessels were seldom, for any length of time, out of sight of land. Lake Ontario was considered by our first fresh water seamen as more dangerous than the larger ones further west, and vessels from 80 to 100 tons burden were thought proper. On Lakes Erie and Huron 50 tons was the limit recommended. Subsequent experience has confirmed, in a measure, the opinion of these old sailors, so far as the power of wind and waves of Lake Ontario is concerned; but the steady increase of western trade, and contracted size of the Welland Canal, have caused the superiority of tonnage to develop above the Falls. The great depth of water in Lake Ontario, as compared with those of larger dimensions, and the peculiarity of the coast line in many places, produce a deep, rolling wave resembling the ocean, which becomes furious in the vicinity of numerous points and shallows that exist. When suddenly caught in a gale, upon a lee shore, vessels are exposed to imminent peril, and disastrous wrecks are too often the result.

Owing to the hasty mode of constructing the first vessels they seldom endured longer than six and eight years, when the timber was found to be rotten and useless. The trees were generally felled, sawn and put into position in the course of a few weeks, without allowing any time for seasoning, etc. The consequence was as above stated—a speedy decay and great expense for frequent repairs. Rouchfoucault, writing from Kingston, in 1795, spoke of the "Mississagua," a Government vessel, being quite worthless, though only three years in service. He severely condemned the prevailing practice of using timber so green and utterly unfit for the purposes intended; and referred to the facilities for preparing it a sufficient length of time in advance. He likewise mentioned instances of collusion and open fraud on the part of persons holding positions of trust, which were quite beyond the reach of the ordinary means of correction "through interest and protection." The Royal Navy at that time he regarded as not very formidable, being composed of only six vessels, two of these small gun-boats, stationed at Niagara. But it must be borne in mind that the pe-

riod referred to was very early in the history of the colony, or at least that portion comprising the western division. The Loyalists, who came as pioneers immediately after the revolutionary struggle, had scarcely yet made a beginning in the settlement of the wilderness, and everything must have worn an aspect of primitive grandeur, unmolested by the efforts of civilization. The marine force on Lake Ontario was under the command of Captain Bouchette, a Canadian by birth, and a gentleman possessing the entire confidence of both Lord Dorchester and Governor Simcoe, who then had charge of the administration of public affairs in the respective provinces. The pay of those serving in the navy was reported as follows: a Captain received ten shillings a day, a Lieutenant six shillings, and a second Lieutenant three shillings and sixpence; the seamen were paid at the rate of eight dollars per month. In the mercantile marine, doubtless of limited importance, masters had twenty-five dollars and sailors from nine to ten dollars a month. Governor Simcoe was strongly in favor of making York the chief naval station on the Lake, but he was resolutely opposed by Captain Bouchette and others having influence, who maintained the decided superiority of Kingston. The latter finally prevailed, and Kingston remains still the acknowledged centre of all naval engagements, though her prestige in this respect has been on the wane for several years, owing to the absence of hostile rumors.

For some time subsequent to the independence of the American Republic Canadians continued to take the lead in the fresh water marine. The first American vessel on Lake Erie was purchased from the British, in 1796, having served since 1780 as a merchantman, hailing from Detroit. On Lake Ontario they were still later in the competition. The rapid settlement of Western States and development of trade have increased the number of American bottoms in this quarter, and they now have the advantage in the carrying trade on Lakes Michigan and Huron, and possibly on Lake Erie. Canadian ship-building has been conducted with much energy, however, and in accordance with population

and available capital compares very favorably with the American. The improvement now being made in the Welland Canal will doubtless prove highly beneficial to our marine industries, and will serve to increase the tonnage upon the Upper Lakes, as the principal ports for consignment of grain and other western produce are on Lake Ontario. It is predicted by many interested parties that screw steamers and barges will quite supersede sailing vessels in the through transportation, as they are constantly growing in favor, and now number high in the estimation. Owing to the regularity and quickness of their trips the canal authorities are inclined to favor them when the locks are crowded, and this has been the cause of exciting a strong feeling of opposition on the part of masters and owners of sailing vessels. On a recent occasion evidence of such partiality induced the delayed parties to show a rebellious feeling, and it is reported that the Northern Transportation Company's propellers were pelted with stones when passing the vessels. It has been proposed to petition the Government on this grievance, and seek official recognition of mutual rights. There will doubtless be less cause for complaint when the enlargement is completed.

It will be observed that our remarks upon the early Canadian marine have reference

chiefly to the fresh water class. This is because what information we possess relates to Upper Canada mainly, and the record of this part of our Dominion, as regards maritime pursuits, must belong to the great lakes that bound the whole Province on the south and south-west. It would be interesting to have an impartial narrative of the rise and development of the ocean marine of the Eastern Provinces. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the other divisions on the Gulf coast would, with Quebec, show a large list of steam and sailing vessels, owned and conducted by citizens of these Provinces. The rapid expansion of Canadian lines, carrying the produce of our country to almost every quarter of the globe, has excited the curiosity of older and richer nations. They behold in this indication of national spirit a proof of our paternity, and that we seek to emulate the glory of old England, whose flag floats o'er every sea, borne in peaceful triumph by her merchant marine. Now, as in the days of yore, "England rules the waves;" and it is certainly a commendable ambition for her greatest colony to get as near the mother country as possible. There are good prospects of our soon obtaining the proud position coveted, and claiming the second honor in the rank of maritime nations of the earth, in a commercial estimation.

GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

BY EFFIE KEMP.

CHAPTER IV.

The wee birds were singing blithely in the orchard, and the early sun was pouring its first rays into the eastern window of Gipsey's room, right across her face, when she awoke with a start. It was a lovely morning in September, and the sweet fresh air came stealing in at the open casement, filling Gipsey with a glad, undefinable pleasure, and bringing too that half shade of loneliness which at times troubled her heart with a weary longing for something—

she knew not what. It was a strange mixture of joy and sadness that came across the young girl's spirit that bright September morning, as she sleepily leaned on her elbow and gazed out over the sloping meadows, away to the little river that sparkled like a silver thread among the fields and fallow. Peter was driving the cows home, and their distant lowing, accompanied by the tinkling of their bells, came pleasantly across the common. Then there was Sally at the milking shed, talking in merry mood to Jack. Gipsey could

not hear what they were conversing about so intently, but the breeze carried the dairy-maid's hearty laughter on its wing. The whole scene brought to mind a song which her friend Nelly Gregory sometimes sang. With the half-uttered words,

"And the old, old story was told again
At five o'clock in the morning,"

Gipsey sprang up from her bed, and stole softly over to look at the sleeping Amy, the new seamstress. For a moment Gipsey was fascinated, the picture was so sweet. The calm face lay on the snowy pillow, the heavy hair, loosed from its binding, swept in brown masses back from the low broad brow, and the shapely hands were folded peacefully, like those of a tired child, who had just sunk to rest. Gipsey bent over and lightly kissed the upturned cheek, then quietly proceeded to dress herself. Her toilette was soon completed, and in a few minutes she was out under the great trees, poking fun at the blushing Sally, and chasing the large lambs around the yard.

A great quacking ensued, and there was a general rush of every mother hen to her precious "chick-a-biddies." The roosters crowed, the cows lowed, and Bango, the watch-dog, joined in the chorus.

"Ah! Miss Gipsey, Miss Gipsey, I'll tell Mistress Wiggles, I will," scolded Sally. "Besides, it's no place for a young lady scampering round with ducks and geese. Be'en to salt water ain't took the tom-boy out of ye."

"Hold your old tongue, Sally; if you go carrying tales, I'll tell about you and Jack spooning instead of doing your work," was the indignant retort of the wild young damsel, who made a second chase for the dear little lambskin, which was an especial pet of the hoydenish girl. Round and round the yard rushed the frightened lamb, followed by panting Gipsey; close behind came the barking Bango, and soon Mrs. Wiggles, who had been on an egg expedition and had been quickly brought to the scene by the loud outcry, joined in the hunt. Gipsey no sooner espied this new addition to her circle, than she made for parts unknown, and took refuge with Peter in the kitchen garden. The old man laughed

heartily over her bright sallies; and an hour afterwards, when the great breakfast bell clanged on the back verandah, Gipsey strolled towards the house, quite forgetful of the morning's exercise. She sauntered into the breakfast-room, where she found her father eating in solitary state. The inhabitants of Dunsford breakfasted at all hours, from seven until ten. It was very seldom that the entire family met around the morning board.

Gipsey saluted her father with a crushing kiss. His dignified bearing never awed her in the least. Having performed her first duty, she settled herself with due importance before the coffee-urn.

"Well, Gipsey," said Mr. Dunsford, "did the reality of your trip come up to your anticipations?"

"Oh! it was splendid, papa; only one thing happened to spoil it,—not that I care a button, but I'm afraid you won't like it, and as for mamma, she was in a towering temper. She would have whipped my life out, I believe, if I hadn't made myself scarce."

"Gipsey, my child," and he passed his cup for a second supply of coffee, "I insist on your speaking more gently. A young lady of your age, fifteen, my dear, are you not? Well! one of your age should use more softened expressions. Then how disrespectfully you talk of your mother. I'm ashamed of you, Gipsey."

Gipsey bobbed behind the coffee-urn, made a wry face, then poured a cup of most delicious coffee, sweetened it to a nicety, and handed it to her father. Afterwards she rang for fresh muffins, threw merry glances at her sober parent for a little time, and finally broke out into a fit of gleeful laughter. She accomplished her object, for that laugh always carried Mr. Dunsford's thoughts back to the loving little beauty who had once been the queen of his hearthstone, and who was Gipsey's own dead mother. For the sake of the precious one who had gone home ten years ago, Mr. Dunsford forgave his daughter's childish freaks many a time, when she deserved just punishment.

Now, however, she saw the cloud clearing from his brow, so she proceeded with her tale,

"You see, papa, Miss Perkins was for- ever holding the law over my head; from the time I opened my winkers in the morning, until I was 'put me in my little bed' at night, she made me feel like a tempest. Don't be shocked now, papa; you know how I love you."

The little laugh bubbled up again, but Jack was bringing the ponies, and Mr. Dunsford was despatching the last muffin, so Gipsey had to hurry on.

"To make a long story short, papa, Perkins and I had a pitched battle at Old Orchard Beach, so mamma gave me fits, and we had such a row that Belle took hysterics by good luck, and Perkins started home on the next train. Mamma sent me to Coventry, and I've been there ever since. It's an awful tough place, and not a cent of pocket money have I had for a week,—honest truth, papa, not a cent."

Mr. Dunsford looked extremely grave. He hated to be bothered about governesses, and no governess remained six months at Dunsford House. He was thoroughly sick of it all. Never was a man more tried with domestic difficulties. He swallowed the last mouthful of muffin, and, rising, went over to one of the deep French windows which opened in to the side gardens and croquet ground. The ponies were waiting at the front entrance, and it would soon be time to start for his office, where there was a great deal of extra work to be done that day. Gipsey saw in a moment that her words had pained her father. Her warm heart was sorely troubled, as she stole up to Mr. Dunsford, and laid her curly pate on his arm, while a lump formed in her throat. The mischievous girl loved her father with a passionate intensity that verged on adoration; but subjected to the rule of an imperious, injudicious step-mother, and left mostly to the care of hirelings, her better nature had been spoiled, and she degenerated into the wild "harum-scarum" Mrs. Wiggles called her.

"Papa, are you very angry with me? Oh! papa, you know I can't help being wicked; I was born so, just like Topsey in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and there is no one to teach me to be good; mamma hates me I think. You're the only one I have to like me, be-

sides Wiggles; then you are hardly ever at home."

The stately gentleman softly stroked the nestling head for a moment, then he kissed her, and bidding her cheer up, and be as good as she knew how, Mr. Dunsford went to his carriage, and drove away to town, where he was soon deep in briefs and deeds, for he was a great lawyer, and noted in his profession.

Bertha Dunsford, or Gipsey, as she was always called, went back to her solitary breakfast in dire trouble. Poor child! she was weary of her stepmother's rule. There was no great amount of happiness in the large handsome Dunsford house, with its beautiful grounds, rich pastures, and fair prospect of hill, dale, river and many-spired town.

It would seem as if wealth had given Gipsey everything heart could wish for; still there was an aching void in the young girl's life. Her father spent most of his time in Cleaton, and her mother was frequently away in the city with Belle Gilmour, her daughter by a former marriage, mingling in the gayeties of fashionable life.

CHAPTER V.

For three weeks Gipsey wandered about at will. Mrs. Dunsford caught a severe cold, and was confined to her room, consequently she was unable to take charge of her step-daughter; as for Belle Gilmour, she never troubled herself about that "young Mohawk," as she inelegantly called Gipsey to her intimate friend, Bella Forgie. "She's a perfect heathen," said Belle to her Cleaton friends, "and poor mamma is so dreadfully worried over her, but Mr. Dunsford thinks her perfection. He fancies her clever. It's such a ridiculous idea, when she is just fit to be in a kitchen, for she is everlastingly mixing paste and frying doughnuts. I assure you I'm quite ashamed of her, she is so plebeian in her notions and manners."

So, while Belle went calling and visiting in Cleaton, and Mrs. Dunsford sneezed, coughed, and tested the efficacy of pain-killer and cold water packs, Gipsey went roving through the woods, indulged in sly boat sails in a leaky old log canoe, with

a long scantling in lieu of a paddle, and once actually tumbled into the river; happily she was rescued by some field-laborers, who were near by. When this last exploit was reported to Mr. Dunsford, all Gipsey's pretty coaxing arts were of no avail; she was prohibited leaving the grounds alone; so, to while away the hours, she compounded unheard-of delicacies in the kitchen, rode old Charlie, a retired circus horse, at his best gallop over the meadow and round the orchard, and resumed her antics in the yard morning after morning, to Mrs. Wiggles' disgust and Peter's delight.

Her afternoons were always spent with Amy, who worked diligently in the sewing-room. Of all the household no one could control the wild Gipsey as Amy McAlpine could. Her slightest wish soon became law to the weary child, who was only too happy to find a friend in the graceful girl who day after day sat stitching from morning until night. This fact was soon noted by all; and Mr. Dunsford, hearing of the influence brought to bear on his daughter, watched quietly, and made his own calculations as to the knowledge and power of the young beautiful girl who had been brought amongst them.

In due time Mrs. Dunsford left the privacy of her own apartment, and, restored to comfort and health again, engaged in the inactive duties of her life.

One evening, when her mother and Belle were attending a whist-party at the Forgies, Gipsey teased Amy down to the drawing-room. Amy insisted on finishing some work in hand, but Gipsey was not to be thwarted in her wishes, so she coaxed, laughed and bothered, until Amy, for quietness' sake, took up a short seam and followed her down to the great drawing-room, where a fine piano stood in a recess by itself. Having settled the light agreeably for Amy, Gipsey began a series of negro melodies and kept up a bedlam of crashing and smashing for a few moments. Thump, thump, thump, went Dixie's Land; thump, thump, thump, went Amy's poor head, for such a massacre of time, tune and expression she had never heard. In fact, Gipsey's music was rather rousing for sensitive musical ears, so that Amy involuntarily cried out,

"Oh! please, please dear, don't," when the dash-away young musician thought to benefit her auditor by classical strains, and pounded away at some grand old tunes, which were simply arranged in a note-book.

"Why, don't you like that? See, it says, Beethoven. He was a prime player, so Nell Gregory says."

"Oh, yes, Gipsey," said Amy, so earnestly, that Gipsey wondered; "he was one of the grandest masters. I feel reverence for his sublime music. It's so wonderful, and I love it so dearly."

"You don't meant that you play," asked Gipsey excitedly, "that's jolly. Here, you try these old *solemncolies*. It's all like a dead march to me."

Gipsey hopped off the stool, and Amy, forgetful of all save the yearning to let her fingers glide over the well-loved keys and to hear again the sweet tones which she could evoke, dropped her sewing, and quickly took the proffered seat. A soft air stole through the Dunsford drawing-room. The piano seemed suddenly awakened from a mere mechanical instrument to some thing with a soul, breathing forth the richest of harmony.

Gipsey stood awestruck, while Amy forgot the loneliness which would gather in her heart—forgot the weary life of toil—forgot all, save the music—sometimes low and wailing, then glad, triumphant or solemn. At times a minor strain crept in unawares, and sobbed a touching sadness of purest harmony through all the tones.

Amy's music was all soul. Her heart throbbed as she played, and her fingers, feeling the influence, touched the keys as one touches something holy. At last Amy ceased, and drawing Gipsey, now quiet Gipsey, with great tear-drops in her violet eyes, into her arms she kissed her, and said, as she laughed a low, happy laugh, "Oh! little Gipsey, it's such a rest."

Gipsey gave no answer, only clung closer to Amy, wanting to cry with all her heart, yet proudly resisting the inclination, when suddenly a voice startled both, and turning quickly, they saw Mr. Dunsford standing at the door of the passage which connected the drawing-room with the library. Amy drew her arms from Gipsey, and hastily gathering up her work, pre-

pared to leave the room. However, her escape was not so easily effected, for Mr. Dunsford, in his most stately manner, asked her to come to the library. Amy went trembling. Her misdemeanor was to be reprimanded, and now she would plainly be taught her position.

"Gipsey, child, stay here a little time; I have some little surprise for you, I hope," said Mr. Dunsford, as he went away.

Once more Amy McAlpine was alone with the master of Dunsford in the home-like, cheery room where most of his home hours were spent.

She was beginning a piteous apology, poor girl, she felt so keenly; but Mr. Dunsford, with a surprised smile, and in his own courteous manner, offered her an easy-chair, saying, "I assure you, Miss McAlpine, the piano is always at your disposal. I listened with a real pleasure to you, and now, frankly, I want to ask you if you will take entire charge of Gipsey."

Amy could only look bewildered, while Mr. Dunsford continued:

"Your appearance and manners clearly indicate that your position has been superior. I have been considering the matter, and now if you are willing, Miss McAlpine, I should be happy to have you here as my daughter's governess." Amy could not understand it at all. How could Mr. Dunsford trust her so entirely?

"Oh! Mr. Dunsford," she cried out. "It's too good, but how can you trust me so."

The keen, searching eyes of the great lawyer bent on her for a moment, then he said,

"I have lived a good many years, Miss McAlpine. Faces have always been a study to me. If the matter is settled, you will kindly enter on your new duties very soon. I will tell Mrs. Dunsford of my decision. You understand French, I suppose!"

"Oh! yes," and Amy answered clearly with a true French accent his questions and remarks.

Mr. Dunsford then asked a few general questions on other branches, and Amy's active mind and really good knowledge of science delighted the highly educated man.

Before she left the library she briefly gave an account of her former life. As she was beginning to tell of her Aunt Bessie, Mrs. Wiggles hastily called Mr. Dunsford; he was wanted on urgent business, so telling Amy that he would consider the matter settled, the busy lawyer left his quiet library to hurry to town, where his partner, Mr. Hume, was lying ill—perhaps dying.

Gipsey was delighted beyond measure when she heard her father's decision, and danced and laughed like a madcap. There was only one dissenting voice raised against the new arrangement of affairs, and that was Mrs. Dunsford. She never heard of such a ridiculous idea, no indeed, and the angry lady gave Mr. Dunsford a severe private lecture. All her storming and pleading had no effect on her firm lord and master, who generally left the domestic helm entirely to her own control. Now, however, he chose to be the guiding hand in the choice of Gipsey's governess. Finally, the matter was settled, and Mrs. Dunsford submitted, but not gracefully.

Belle merely laughed and said, "Mamma love, don't worry. We will be quite rid of that young spitfire, and you do know that people call her awfully rough."

"Who calls Gipsey rough, Isabella?" asked Mr. Dunsford sharply. He was passing the door, and heard Belle's last remark.

Belle faltered, for she stood in real terror of the stern Mr. Dunsford.

"Oh! no one, sir, only I—well Bella Forgie thought her rather wild."

Mr. Dunsford turned away, and Belle and her mother consoled each other.

"After all, mamma," said Belle, "you won't be so dreadfully worried looking for a governess. Besides this young person seems to me to be awfully clever. I heard her reciting poetry to Gipsey one evening, and it was perfectly sweet. Someway I cannot help being attracted to her myself, she talks so charmingly."

The very power of attraction, that almost magnetic influence which Amy unconsciously had over all, was Mrs. Dunsford's chief objection to her. The clever lady saw at once that Belle's pretty face

and languid, affected manners, would be quite cast in the shade by Miss McAlpine, the poor governess, with the true face and the soul-lit eyes. Then her wonderful self-possession, graceful carriage, and fine figure, were all objectionable to Mrs. Dunsford.

A less attractive but not so clever seamstress was engaged to tuck and frill for Belle Gilmour's benefit.

Amy's first attempt at teaching Gipsey's young "ideas how to shoot," was rather trying.

On the first morning of her new life, Amy rose early, and spent, as usual, a full hour preparing for the trials of the day. That one hour in the morning, when all were wrapped in slumber, was the secret of Amy's power. It was a time of pleading and heart-searching. None but Amy and her one everlasting Friend knew what passed in those early morning minutes. None guessed how the proud heart grieved and fretted at the thralldom of a life devoid of freedom. None saw how the proud spirit rankled at the thought of being controlled, and that for *bread*. Her own good sense told her that she was honorably fulfilling a high duty, and day after day the battle was fought—the victory won by *higher strength*.

CHAPTER VI.

Before the clock in the hall rang out the hour of nine, Gipsey was in the school-room—a pleasant apartment overlooking the river. This room, like all the others of Dunsford, was comfortably and prettily furnished, bearing about it that idea of wealth unmingled with extravagant luxury, and that cheery ease and elegance which characterized the taste displayed in the furnishing of the entire house.

When Amy reached the school-room she found her new charge filling up the table with books.

"Jolly, isn't it?" was Gipsey's greeting. "Look here! books for the million. What will we commence on—French, Dutch, or dictation? I hate grammar, don't let's have it. It's so pokey."

"I think we will commence on this, Gipsey dear," was Amy's quiet answer as she held a small pocket Bible to the young girl.

"Oh!" was all Gipsey could say, as she shoved the books across the table and wavered between a desire to laugh, her own blithe laughter, and a certain feeling of—not fear (for Gipsey Dunsford did not comprehend that word), rather a kind of reverence for Amy, when her face took the resolute look which rested on it when she made a decision.

Amy knew full well that her charge was to be a trying one, for Gipsey was not easily controlled; and only a firm, faithful hand could guide the high-spirited girl.

"We will read a short Psalm this morning," said Amy, turning over the leaves of her Bible.

"Oh! please don't, Miss McAlpine, said Gipsey; 'do read the nice reading in the New Testament. I can't swallow David someway, he was such a queer man; yet I heard Mr. Gregory say once that he was 'a man after God's own heart.' I hope it ain't wrong Miss. McAlpine; but, indeed, I can't understand it," and Gipsey shook her head solemnly.

Amy looked very grave, but merely said, "Gipsey, dear, if all the thoughts and intents, and workings of our evil hearts were shown to the world as David's are, perhaps you would think more kindly of him; then you know how bitterly he repented of his misdoings."

The fourteenth chapter of John was then chosen, and Amy read the cheering words that have come down through ages beautiful as ever, when spoken by the Divine Author. The reading over, Gipsey again pounced on the unfortunate books, but Amy with a flush on her cheek and a tremor of agitation in her voice said, "Now, we will ask God's blessing on our work."

Amy knelt by her chair and Gipsey followed suit, greatly amused. At first she gazed out of the window at the river, very much inclined to giggle, or to make a face, for in all her life she had never heard of such a thing; neither Miss Perkins nor any of her predecessors had been of a Methodist turn of mind, as Gipsey termed it. Presently, however, the merry girl's thoughts were attracted from the birds, the trees, and the gliding river, to Amy's words. Gipsey had heard few extemporaneous prayers in her life. The Rev. Thomas Gregory always

read from the Prayer Book, and this young auditor had never troubled herself to listen to him—that time of worship generally being spent in conversing with Nelly Gregory, through the medium of her fingers. Now, however, Amy's prayer was something so new, that Gipsey listened wonderingly while the simple, heartfelt words were spoken by the low voice. It seemed to Gipsey as if her new governess were actually talking to some one, and the excited girl involuntarily glanced around for the third person; but "God is a Spirit," and only Amy's gentle pleading for grace to overcome, for purity of heart, for true kindness to the world at large, and to each other, was breathed forth to the open air. The wind sighed softly in the leaves, and the birds fairly filled the orchard with music, and as if catching their glad praise notes, Amy spoke low words of thankfulness for the beautiful world, the inhabitants thereof, and the sweet pure air of heaven. Then she asked kindly a blessing for Gipsey's own self. Finally, with humble thanks for the duty set before them, and earnest desires to accomplish all, Amy rose and prepared to examine her dreaming pupil; for Gipsey was touched, and a few real earnest thoughts lingered unconsciously in her heart, though she was soon laughing happily over her own ignorance. Amy had gained a great influence over her new charge, and down in Gipsey's heart a stronger love for her governess was born, a love which grew and blossomed as the days went by. Gipsey was very backward in all branches, but when her energies were once enlisted, she threw herself into her studies with an ardor and whole-heartedness that astonished her teacher. Gradually, too, she grew milder in her words, and though still dashing, hot-tempered, and slightly imperious, a tinge of gentleness came over her at times. The constant intercourse with her gentle teacher softened the rugged features of Gipsey's character. She still slid down the bannister, hid Belle's false curls, stepped on the cat's tail when there was company, and at times drove Mrs. Wiggles almost frantic with her antics in the pantry; but then she would be so penitent afterwards, and her great violet eyes would soften as she said, "Wiggles, I

tell you it's just the old man that's in me, and I can't help being a sinner. Besides, it's charming to be perfectly natural, isn't it? Nobody likes affected people, and if I were to be really good you know, beloved Wiggles, the people would be for putting me in a strait-jacket."

After she had been as bad as possible she would steal away to Amy, and confess all her misdoings and draw Amy into a nice talk in the bay-window of the back sitting-room. It was their favorite nook, and there they were sitting one evening nearly two months after Amy had been installed as governess. The air was chilly, and the blazing fire in the grate threw a half light through the dusky twilight shades. Gipsey, as was her fashion, sat with her hands clasped around her knees gazing up at the stars—"the sweet forget-me-nots of the angels," silently coming out one by one.

"Miss McAlpine," she said, "don't you suppose it makes people think of 'up there' when some of their friends are there?" The tossed curly head bobbed up toward the great calm heavens, now twinkling with a thousand golden gems.

"Yes," returned Amy; "I know it is pleasant for me to think of Aunt Bessie, and I hope Uncle Hugh, being there. If I could remember my own father and mother I should think oftener of them; but uncle and aunt were like my parents to me, for I was only a wee bairn when they adopted me."

"Well, I know my mother is there any way," said Gipsey, confidently.

There was a touch of childish innocence about this romping girl that was very delightful.

"Mrs. Wiggles says," continued she, "that mamma was almost an angel before she went up there. Isn't it funny that every one who knew mamma says you are just like her? I know papa is often thinking of her when he looks at you. Wiggles says she's sure you're related someway. Queer, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied Amy, laughingly, "but people often see fancied resemblances in the living to the dead. I remember when I was sixteen, just two years ago, I was all dressed in white for a party, and I ran

down to let uncle and aunt see me. Aunt looked as if a ghost had suddenly rushed in, and spoke in Gaelic to uncle. He frowned and bade me leave the room. You may fancy, dear, how my vanity over my dress was dispelled. Afterwards aunt told me that I reminded them of a friend who had bitterly disappointed them, and uncle never wished to see me when I was in evening dress, for I always wore my hair floating then."

"Was your aunt angry?" queried Gipsey.

"No; I think she liked me for it, and grew tenderer every day."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you, dear, why it was; but her eyes would fill with tears when I would rush in from a long ramble, or when I sang in the gloaming the dear, quaint tunes of her girlhood."

"Didn't you say once that your aunt and uncle were Roman Catholics, Miss McAlpine?"

"Yes, Gipsey, uncle died a firm, bigoted member of that Church, but aunt had been falling away in heart for some time. After uncle's death, she left the Church and joined a dissenting body. Poor aunt! she was sadly troubled over uncle's hatred of all denominations save his own. He would never allow us to have a Bible, but I found one at school and read it. Afterwards, as I grew older, I took one to aunt, and we read it, so that learning to love it we drifted away from Uncle Hugh's faith."

"But didn't he know?"

"What, Gipsey?"

"That you did not believe as he did."

"No, I wanted to tell him, but Aunt begged and prayed with tears that I would not tell him; she said I could never, *never* know him as she did, and that something fearful might happen if he knew."

"My mamma was a Catholic once," said Gipsey; "Wiggles told me, but after she ran away with papa, she went to our own church with him. It was so queer, Miss McAlpine, when they were married they came direct from Scotland, and when they reached here they were poor as church mice. Mamma had to do her own work—just think of it! and her a lady. Papa had

his profession, but he didn't know a person. That's why I have to learn housework. Papa says every girl should know how. Wiggles says mamma couldn't do the first bit of work, and she had dreadful trouble. After a while papa got some law stuff to do, and made such speeches that everybody went wild over him, so he got rich and bought our home, but mamma died five years after."

"She was very young?" asked Amy.

"Yes, just twenty-five when she died. Wiggles says it was pure grief that turned papa's hair so white, but then he was very much older than mamma."

"Was your papa born in Scotland?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Gipsey; "his home was 'down South in the land of cotton;' he went over to Glasgow to study. Wiggles does not know the story, but he met mamma there. I suppose it was because he was poor that they ran away."

The twilight deepened into darkness, and the fair moon glided through the drifting clouds, sending down faint rays into the now quiet room; for the two young girls, teacher and pupil, had fallen to thinking. The flickering light from the glowing coals sent pale gleams through the sombre darkness, still they sat silently on in the cozy window. Suddenly, however, the quietness was broken, and there was a sound of carriage wheels on the gravel, and soon a murmur of voices in the hall. Gipsey sprang up, saying:

"Who on earth has come with papa?—some visitors I suppose, and I'm not dressed."

Away skipped Gipsey, followed by Amy. Now that Amy was recognized as the governess she enjoyed a room to herself, and was received as one of the family.

This was a great comfort to Mrs. Wiggles and the servants, and a great discomfort to Mrs. Dunsford, whose manner was as cold as possible. Mr. Dunsford, on the other hand, showed every kind, fatherly attention to his young *protégée*, and always treated her with the courtly deference for which he was noted. His keen eye saw everything, and Gipsey's steady progress was a matter of no little satisfaction to the shrewd gentleman.

THE DEATH OF ŒDIPUS.

[*From the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles, 1579-1665.*]

TRANSLATED BY JOHN READE.

" My fellow citizens, King Œdipus
Is dead! But how he died I cannot tell,
For language fails me."

" Wretched, is he dead?"

" Yes; he has bid a long farewell to life,"

" How? by a doom divine and free from pain?"

" His end was marvellous. How he went hence
You know. He went direct, none guiding him,
But he, though blind, leading the way for all.
When he had reached a steep and rugged path
With brazen steps deep-rooted in the earth,
He stood in one of many parting ways
Near to the cave where lie the faithful signs
Of Theseus and Pirithous. 'Tween this spot
And the Thorician Rock and Hollow Thorn
He sat him down upon a stony tomb.
His vest then loosed he, mean with soil and wear,
And called his daughters unto him, to bring
Libations pure and water for the bath.
And they obeyed, going to Ceres' Hill,
And thence returning.

Then he, having bathed,
Was robed as it beseemed, and all performed
With decent ritual, as his pleasure was,
Jove thundered from beneath. Stricken with fear,
The maidens shuddered, and before their sire
Fell on their knees, loud weeping, nor refrained
From beatings of the breast, and long sad wails.

But he, their father, when he saw them weep,
Folded his hands above their heads and said:
' My children, this day robs you of your sire.
The end has come, my daughters; you no more
Will have the weary task of tending me.
Too hard it was, my children, well I know,—
But now are all these troubles at a close.
And yet, my sweet ones, none of all the world
Loved you as your poor father, reft of whom
You are to pass the remnant of your days.'

They, leaning on each other, wept afresh;
But when their tears were dried, and bitter cries
No longer rose, out of the hush a voice
Came suddenly, loud summoning Œdipus.
The hairs of all who heard, with awful dread,
Stood upright, for the god repeated oft
His summons, ' Œdipus, why linger thus?
Much time already thy delay has lost.'

Then he on Theseus calls, the Attic King.
And, Theseus come, he said, " Beloved friend,
Give unto these, my daughters, thy right hand,
Pledge of thy faith well tried and you to him,
And promise never to desert their cause,
But be their friend and helper to the end."

And Theseus promised so to do and be
Nobly and willingly. Then King Œdipus,
Touching his daughters with blind hands, besought
That they with generous heart would leave the spot,
Courageous, claiming not to see or hear
What was not right that they should hear or see.
' But go,' said he, ' mine hour is come—farewell!
Let Theseus only witness what is done.'

When he had said these words, we hearing went,
Marking our path with tears and sobbing loud;
After a little while we turned and looked
But saw no man where Œdipus had been,
Save Theseus with his hand upon his brow,
As shading off some sight of utter dread
Unbearable. And then we saw him kneel
And worship in one prayer the earth beneath
And high Olympus where the great gods dwell.
But Œdipus—by what strange fate he died
No mortal knows save Theseus. But we know
That no bright thunderbolt nor the sea's rage
Destroyed him; but, mayhap, some messenger
From Heaven led him hence, or, it may be,
The opening earth received him without pain,
And 'mong the shades he hath no sorrow. So
We weep no more, for not by slow disease
He left the world, made wretched, but has gone
By wondrous mercy of the gods to rest."

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER XI.

Eighteen months of the two years had glided swiftly away, and Ruth was looking anxiously forward, and numbering those which remained till she might hope to look again upon the features of him to whom her young heart was given. She sighed for the support of the strong arm of Jesse under her many sorrows..

Ada's hatred toward the house of Herod grew more and more bitter, and her sister feared some violent outburst which would endanger their safety, and she longed for their removal to Rome, where Ada's mind might be more composed, and, perhaps, after a time, become comparatively tranquil again. The settled system of cruelty and oppression which Archelaus pursued towards the Israelites kept the excited brain of the smitten daughter of Thara in a state almost amounting to frenzy.

One day, about this time, Ruth was much alarmed by the sudden entrance of Judith, Ada's special attendant, to her apartment. The girl's face wore a troubled expression, and she seemed much agitated.

"Oh, my young mistress!" she exclaimed. "I have not neglected my charge, and yet I fear you will reprove me. Your sister sent me away to the flowering shrubs at the further end of the garden, to gather fresh flowers to adorn her rooms. I have done her bidding, and am but just now returned. I have sought her through all her apartments, and have even called her name aloud, but there is no response, and I know not where my mistress can be."

Ruth arose in haste and accompanied Judith through the house and garden walks, but could find no trace of Ada. The other servants were called, and a general search was made, but to no purpose. Ruth felt sure her sister could not

be far away, and had, very possibly, been prostrated by one of her sudden attacks; but the thought that she had stolen away with a purpose never crossed her mind until the search had been continued for several hours.

When every place had been scanned where they might hope to find the missing one, and all with no avail, Ruth sat down by an open casement and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly a ray of light pierced the darkness, and she asked herself, "Why was Ada so unwilling to allow me to remain with her through the long, quiet hours of the morning as I usually do? Why did she so earnestly desire me to finish the embroidery which has hung in the frame in my apartment for many weeks?" The heart answered, "It was done with a purpose."

In vain did she attempt to fathom her sister's design. She could not even guess whither her footsteps had been turned, yet she conjectured her sudden disappearance was in some way connected with her bitterness towards the family of the late king.

About two hours after mid-day the anxious ones at the hillside mansion were surprised to hear the pleasing strains of merry music in the distance. None among them knew from whence they proceeded, but at length the aged father of Judith remembered to have heard that a royal party was to pass through the adjacent country on that day; and told his young mistress, moreover, that the king had but lately brought a new wife to Jerusalem, and on that account the place had been much given to festivities for several days.

Ruth was terrified by these statements, and doubted not but her sister had left home with the intention of breathing out her oft-repeated curse upon the son of Herod as he passed in state along the high-

way. The distracted maiden knew not what course to pursue. At length she called to her side the confidential servant of the family, the aged Isaac, and made known to him her fears.

The old man trembled while he listened, and his words were scarcely articulate as he replied, "Oh, my dear mistress, your sister will be lost! The wife of my beloved master will perish! for the wrath of King Archelaus will rise when he hears her dreadful words, even such words as we have heard her utter! Let us arise and speed away. Perchance we may fall in with the royal party before your sister's life has been taken from her. Oh, let us bow at the feet of the sovereign, and implore him to spare one whom the cruelty of his father destroyed! Arise! mistress, let us not tarry."

Two mules were soon at the door of the dwelling, and Ruth, attended only by Isaac, departed in the hope of saving her beloved sister. Before she left, however, she gave strict orders for the search to be kept up with all diligence until her return.

Where was Ada while all was in confusion on her account in the dwelling of her husband's ancestors? While Judith was gathering flowers for her room, she had glided swiftly and quietly through the thick shrubbery at the opposite side of the garden, and gained, without observation, a grove of sycamore trees which stood on the brow of a neighboring hill. Under cover of these she was enabled to climb a rocky cliff in the distance, which entirely hid her from the eyes so anxiously searching for her. She had heard that the king and Glaphyra, the wife whom he had just married, with a party of nobles, were to pass that way at a certain hour on that day, and she had gone forth to curse the monarch in her wrath. She feared not his rage nor dreaded his power, and she faltered not from the moment her resolution was taken. The way was rough, and often steep, which Ada travelled, though the distance was not more than half a league which she was obliged to traverse before reaching the point at which she designed to intercept the royal pair. From her home, to have gone by the highway, she must necessarily have much more than doubled the dis-

tance ere she could arrive at the spot from whence she had determined Archelaus in person should listen to her curse. Over crags and among trailing vines she hastened along, pausing but once beside a cool spring which burst from a crevice in a huge rock near the goat-path she was following. She was closely veiled, according to the custom of the times, and feared no recognition, should any acquaintance chance to pass her on her lonely walk.

About three miles, from the hillside mansion, the road which led to Jerusalem wound through a beautifully romantic valley, richly studded with clusters of flowering shrubs and trees, whose dark green foliage glistened in the sunlight of that glorious summer day. On the northern side of this valley, rising abruptly to a considerable height, stood one of those rocky eminences so often to be met with in the "land of the east." At its base on all sides grew abundantly the dwarf shrubbery of the country, and wherever there was sufficient earth in the fissures, or between the crags, for a root to exist, there had sprung up many varieties of bramble, besides vines which trailed loosely over the rocks or clung to the scattering branches of the shrubs for support. The spot was indeed a wild one, and the more so, as a sudden turn in the road brought the traveller at once in full view of its side which rose so abruptly. It was called by the country people "the steep" or "the crags." To this point Ada bent her steps. Before ascending to the flat rock on the top of the eminence, she examined closely the part of the "steep" over which she was to climb, in the expectation of seeing some secluded nook, where, when her work was done, she might conceal herself behind the vines among the thick shrubbery near the base. She soon discovered such a place as she desired, and marked the spot in her memory. Then she sat down to await. Oh, how her heart palpitated! Her excitement was great, but yet the dreaded fits came not. She laid aside her veil, and loosed her wealth of natural curls—those curls which a few years before had been her greatest adornment, glossy and of a raven hue, now blanched to more than an ashy whiteness. What a figure to gaze upon! Her

countenance was youthful and lovely, her eyes unnaturally wild and brilliant, while a shower of snow-white ringlets enveloped her neck and shoulders. Well might the beholder be terrified? She had not long to wait. In a short time merry music in rich strains came floating on the breeze, and its stirring notes caught her listening ear. Soon these were hushed, and as the party neared the spot she could distinctly hear joyous tones and ringing laughs. She knew that the heart of the king was glad, and she cursed him, even then, as she sprang up the rocks. The monarch and his beautiful wife had that day enjoyed the delightfully pure and invigorating country air, and feasted their eyes on some of the most picturesque and lovely scenery of which the land of Judea could boast, and were in high spirits journeying backward toward Jerusalem. They were seated in an open chariot drawn by six snow-white horses. Guards preceded and followed them, while a little in the rear, a train of the favorites of Archelaus, with many nobles of the lands, made up the procession. Glaphyra, the queen, was a woman of most surpassing beauty, and was still youthful, though she had been twice married before her charms enslaved the heart of the King of Judea. She triumphed in her power over her husband, who, for her sake, had divorced a faithful and affectionate wife; and by every womanly art she strove to strengthen the chain with which she had bound him.

Glaphyra was speaking; her words were full of tenderness. The king bent upon her a look of the most intense affection, and was about to reply to her remarks, when the sudden turn in the road brought the "crag" directly before them. The queen cast her eyes upward almost involuntarily to the top of the rocky cliff. What a sight met them! Ada had laid aside her dark veil and arranged a flowing white one which she had brought for the purpose, so that her whole person was nearly enveloped in its rich folds; and, with this exception, there she stood as we last beheld her.

Glaphyra uttered a cry of terror, and exclaiming, "'Tis an avenging spirit," clung convulsively to her husband's arm. Ere he could speak to reassure her, his ears

were stunned by the following fearful words, which were poured forth by the singular apparition above:—

"Tyrant son of a tyrant father! A curse is on thy house forever! In exile and sorrow, in bloody strife, or by the assassin's dagger shall they perish who are called by thy name! Even as the heart of thy father knew no pity, so shall the Almighty not pity thee. Guilty son of the wicked oppressor, prepare! for thy doom maketh haste. A curse, a curse, rests upon the house of Herod?"

The life-blood ran chill in the veins of Archelaus as the accents fell on his ears. Glaphyra uttered a more piercing shriek, and fainted in his arms. All was now confusion, and before the king again raised his eyes to the "crag" the strange figure had vanished; and ere any one of the party thought to climb the rugged face of the rock to discover, if possible, who was the singular being and whither she had flown, Ada was far down the opposite side safely hidden from all observation by brambles and thick vines. The exclamation of the queen, "'Tis an avenging spirit," had frightened many of the party, and each waited for the word of command before going in search of the mysterious and unearthly looking being who had addressed the sovereign with the air of a prophet; who had poured a curse upon his house and name. At length, when order was restored, the captain of the guard and a few of his men examined the crags, but found no trace of the strange being. The queen continued to reiterate her words, and insisted that it was no mortal face upon which she had looked. Again and again she exclaimed, "It was an angel of wrath."

Slowly the royal party returned to Jerusalem, and there, for many days, the scene at the crags was spoken off with awe, and in whispers; for the king had given orders that the matter should be immediately hushed on account of the effect which the mysterious words had produced on the mind of his wife. And even so, though no one was allowed to recur to the events of that hour in her presence; though all strove to turn her thoughts from the melancholy channel in which they were flowing, and to interest her in the surrounding gaieties,

yet was it many, many weeks before Glaphyea regained her wonted cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XII.

Let us now return to Ruth and her aged attendant. They made haste along the road by which the king was to return toward Jerusalem, but avoided making any enquiries of persons whom they passed, as Ruth dreaded revealing her anxiety to strangers unless it should become unavoidable. As they journeyed, she frequently heard remarks from the country people. Some spoke of the monarch's gaiety, others of the surpassing beauty of the queen, and all of the gracious smiles with which the royal pair had answered the expressions of loyalty which greeted their ears as their chariot rolled along; expressions of fealty, perchance from the lips, whilst the hearts were smarting under the rod of oppression, and longing for the day of release from thralldom. When the anxious searchers arrived within sight of the crags, they were greatly surprised to see there collected a large party of men, women and children. All were in a high state of excitement about a spirit which had appeared and spoken momentous words to King Archelaus, and Ruth could perceive that the belief prevailed among them that the apparition was, in reality, what the queen in her terror had declared: "An angel of wrath;" "An avenging spirit." When she had listened a few moments to their words, she bent her gaze upon old Isaac; their eyes met, and the hearts of both were lifted in gratitude to the Almighty disposer of events who had caused a terror to fall upon those whose wrath they had feared. They soon turned their steps homeward, buoyed up with the hope that Ada would have reached the hillside mansion before them; nor were they disappointed. As they neared the dwelling, they became aware that the busy search had ended. All was quiet, and on entering the house Ruth was informed that about an hour before, Judith, while passing hastily along one of the upper halls, had noticed the door of Ada's usual sitting-room was slightly ajar; that the girl, remembering she had firmly closed it

but a short time previous, had stepped softly toward the room and peered in. Ada was sitting in her accustomed place, looking a little pale, but otherwise the same as usual. She had refused to answer any questions, but the servants conjectured she had been suddenly prostrated by convulsions; and the more easily did they persuade themselves of this, as Ada's malady was a subject on which she never spoke, even to Judith, who was frequently her only attendant during the attacks.

Ruth was well pleased that this thought should satisfy the household and *seemed* to acquiesce in it. She bent her steps to Ada's apartment. As she entered her sister raised her eyes. Triumph and exultation gleamed in them, and she cried, "My sister, rejoice! The Lord hath permitted me to look upon one of the hated house and to breathe in his presence a curse upon all who bear the name of Herod!"

"O, Ada!" sobbed Ruth, as she sank at her sister's feet. "O, Ada! Let me rather bless the Lord that my eyes look upon your features once more, that you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel and merciless tyrant! Dear sister, promise me that you will no more go forth from me thus. I can never know peace till your word is plighted."

"Nay, nay," replied Ada, that I may not promise. My work is before me, even the work of vengeance, and perchance I may often go forth, for a time, without your knowledge. But watch me not, dearest one, if you would keep my affection; and above all, let not the eye of a menial be upon me to spy out my way."

"Ada, Ada!" cried Ruth. "Speak not thus or you will break my heart. Say that you will leave your cause in the hand of the God of our fathers, who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine.' He will redress your wrongs."

"Aye," returned her sister, "the Lord will avenge me; yet the Lord most High worketh by instrument. My name is the avenger of blood, and I am following hard on the footsteps of the house of Herod. Where, oh! where is the city of refuge to which they will flee? Surely it shall not be found."

In vain Ruth pleaded. Ada was unyield-

ing; and her sister soon perceived that if she would retain any influence over the shattered being by her side, she must not thwart even her wildest purposes. Through the long hours of the succeeding night, the affectionate girl bent over the writhing form of her unconscious sister. She wept over her, she prayed for her; and the God of prayer, who spoke in visions to His chosen ones, comforted her in a dream.

A little before the breaking of the day Ruth sought her couch. She slumbered, and in a dream she beheld the bright form of a shining angel standing by the bedside of Ada. He gazed upon the sufferer a moment with a look of the deepest compassion, and then addressed herself.

"Sister of earth, sorrowing pilgrim," he said, "do not despair. Let the bright beams of the star of hope cheer thy saddened spirit; for, even for this poor stricken one, shall light arise. Yes! the morning star shall illumine the darkness that surrounds her, and thine eyes shall behold the glorious change. Not now! not now! the time is long, but the promise is sure. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come."

The angel-visitant vanished, but Ruth awoke greatly comforted; nor did she ever again, through all the weary years she watched and waited, give way to despair as she had done on that sorrowful night. No, not once. And yet slowly and wearily, indeed, did the months wear away for the next two years. The time drew near when Jesse had promised to return and claim his bride; drew near—came—passed by, yet Ruth heard no tidings of her betrothed husband. She had received only a few letters from him during his absence, but they all breathed an unchanging love, a depth of affection which she could not doubt. She knew not to what cause to attribute his lengthened absence. She thought of sickness, shipwreck, sea-robbers, but could only conjecture, and thus for many months she remained a prey to the agonies of suspense.

At last came a letter, not to her, not from Jesse. It was an epistle to his widowed mother, written by his uncle Hezekiah from Rome. It was brought to

the hillside mansion by the son of Susanna, who dwelt at Jerusalem, and its contents were as follows:

"MY BELOVED KINSWOMAN,—Long ere you receive this you will have looked, but looked in vain, for the return of your first-born son to the home of his fathers. My sister, prepare your heart for sad news;—yet I hardly know how to write. I cannot say your son is no more, and alas! I know not that he lives. We must mourn together, for where your son is, there also is my beloved boy,—my gentle and loving Alpheus! Our house shipped a rich cargo to one of the ports of Northern Africa many months since. Jesse, who had frequently made the journey before, went to overlook the disposal of the merchandise, and was accompanied by my young son, to whom the pleasures and perils of a sea-voyage were alike unknown. Jesse had three doves, one of which he loosed when the master reckoned the distance was half accomplished. The bird brought me the joyful news that my son and nephew were in health, and the voyage had, so far, been prosperous. Long, long did I look for the others, even till my eyes were weary with watching, yet they came not. Two days ago one of the birds arrived here, apparently exhausted, and is since dead. Beneath his wing he bore a scrap of parchment, on which these words were traced:—

'A storm. Our vessel was driven far out of her course, boarded by an overwhelming band of sea-robbers, and taken to one of their strongholds on the north-western coast of Africa. We know not what is to be our fate, or what hour we must yield up our lives. As yet we live, but are prisoners.'

'JESSE,
'ALPHEUS.'

"The lines were traced in *blood*, and were evidently written in haste. Every effort will be made to discover the stronghold mentioned, and I hope, though my hope is mingled with fear, that our dear ones will be rescued. Many of the wealthy merchants of this land have, from time to time, lost rich cargoes by the lawless sea-robbers who haunt around the coast of Africa, far to the west, and, at their earnest request, moved also by the prayers of many whose friends are supposed to be captives among them, Cæsar is about to send forth armed vessels to discover, if possible, the places where they usually go on shore. The stronghold of which our children speak is doubtless one. Let our united prayers, my afflicted sister, ascend upward in behalf of our captive loved ones. May the God of our fathers save them, and bring them back to our arms; and may His blessing be upon those who go forth to do battle with their captives.

"Jesse has often spoken of a gentle, loving maiden he expected to call his wife,

ere this. To her let this epistle be sent, for her heart must be troubled at his lengthened absence.

"Your afflicted kinsman,
"HEZEKIAH."

Ruth perused and re-perused the letter, in the hope of gathering new comfort from each successive reading. Alas! there was but little comfort to be gleaned from it, and, with a sob of anguish, she returned it to her cousin James. Ruth grieved sorely, but her faith in the promise of the Lord Jehovah to regard the cry of the sorrowful, to hear the voice of the captive, and to loose the bonds of those who call upon Him in their distress, supported her, and from her heart she cried, "I will seek unto God, and unto God will I commit my cause." But let us not think her spirit grew calm in an hour or a day. Not so; but the "still, small voice" to which she had listened for many, many months, spoke often to her heart in her hours of loneliness and woe; and at length she could say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord: He doeth all things well."

(To be continued.)

GROWING.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

What are you doing here? I asked a beautiful tree;

And the wind, as it mov'd the branches, came whispering back to me:

I am growing, growing, growing;

I am catching life from dew-drops; from the zephyrs that round me blow;

From the night, the light, and the sunshine, and the tempests which ruffle me so—

I am growing, growing, growing;

I am spreading my roots in darkness, digging deep for color and shade,

Then throwing the wealth to my leaflets, and the blossoms God hath made.

Growing, growing, growing;

I'm gath'ring strength for fruitage, to become no barren tree,

With leaves and blossoms of promise setting in mockery—

I'm growing, growing, growing.

What will you do when you're old, you noble, beautiful tree?

And the wind, as it waved the branches, came whispering back to me:

Growing, growing, growing;

When the Autumn comes and strips me, leaving me naked and bare,

My beautiful leaves never perish, but are gathered again with care,

Growing, growing, growing;

And hugged in the Earth's warm bosom, they melt into life-giving power,

To quicken my stagnant blood, chilled by Winter's long hour—

Growing, growing, growing.

But when Death relentless strikes me, his sickle sweeps over all:

A long and useful season comes to me after my fall—

When not growing, growing, growing

Perchance I'm a stately mast for a gallant ship at sea,

The wooden walls of an empire, whose ensign is liberty—

Or I make an honored casket, for dust laid low in love,

Which, like Phoenix, will rise from its ashes, and soar to a world above—

Growing, growing, growing.

Young Folks.

A LONDON BOY.

BY F. A.

Up the long rickety staircase the poor little chilblained feet climbed. The rags that were tied around them, and that had seemed so warm and comfortable in the morning, were now wet and half frozen. But it was not of his own suffering Davie was thinking. It was not that made him walk so wearily up the creaking stairs. It was the thought of the poor sick brother waiting for him in the dark attic room, whom he had left with the cheerful words:

"Be a brave man, Johnnie, I'll bring you bread this evening."

And now he was returning, his basket full of matches instead of the nice hot rolls he had hoped to bring. Early in the day this hope had kept him up, and he did not mind the cold. But when nobody seemed to want matches, and the dull, grey November sky, made duller and greyer by London smoke, began to pour down one of its soaking rains, completely spoiling his wares, the brave heart gave way.

Still he would not return without another effort. So placing himself at the corner of one of the principal thoroughfares, he held out his hand, and piteously begged a penny from every passer-by. But all seemed too intent to escape the rain to pay any attention to the little beggar, as they hurried past. If one did give him a thought, it was to wonder why the police allowed him to stand there.

"Have you brought the bread, Davie?"

The question fell sadly on the lad's ears, as he crept quietly in, hoping to find Johnnie asleep. Groping his way in the dark—there was neither fire nor candle—the bed, he sat down sobbing bitterly.

"Davie, I am so sorry; not for myself,

for I'm not hungry now, but for you. After you went out I was all pains here, and I cried, I was so hungry and cold. I tried not to, for you told me; but I could not help it. When it began to rain I went to sleep, and mother came to me. She was all beautiful and white. She told me not to cry, for Jesus would send an angel to take me up to her. Then, Davie, she said the words you sometimes say about not being hungry any more or thirsty any more. I'm going to mother."

"Johnnie, you must not die. I'll work for you. I'll be sure to get bread to-morrow. I can't let you go to mother. Lie down, now, and we will go to sleep."

The little brother did as he was told, and Davie, after taking off his wet jacket, lay down beside him, carefully tucking the tattered quilt about Johnnie. The latter had slept so much during the day, that he did not require it now, but he lay very still, and Davie thought he was asleep. For himself, hunger, grief and bitter rebellion kept him awake.

His mother had taught him about God, and Jesus, and Heaven, and she made him promise, when she was dying, to teach Johnnie these things, and to keep him from hearing bad words in the court.

"You will soon have no mother. You must be a mother to him. And if you are a good boy and love God, He will be a Father to you and take care of you."

That was two years ago, and her instructions were nearly forgotten. One thing he did not forget,—his promise to take care of his brother, and to keep from stealing and cursing.

But now, as he lay there, he asked him-

self what was the use of trying to do right. He was no better off than the boys in the court who drank, and swore, and stole.

"God does not care what we do. We are too poor for Him to notice. I'll steal like the rest," he said, half aloud.

"Davie, don't steal. Promise me you won't!" cried Johnnie, laying his little thin hand on his brother's wet face.

"Oh, Johnnie, I can't bear to see you so hungry, or to hear you talk of going to mother! I don't mind myself, for I'm big and strong. If you saw the great rich folks passing in their carriages, with their little dogs that the police say cost more than would keep a poor child, you would think God didn't care for us."

"Didn't God care for mother when He took her to Heaven and made her an angel? She won't be hungry there. And He is going to send for me. I've been keeping awake, for I was afraid the angel would come when I was asleep; and I wanted to kiss you before going. Don't cry, Davie! I'm sorry you can't come now, but I'll tell mother you were good and kind, and the angel will come for you, too. See that bright star;" and he pointed to the little skylight that Davie had always kept clean. "That star has been looking down a long time, so I know the angel's coming soon;" and the weary head drooped. "Mother's calling! Say you won't steal or be bad, Davie; say, before I go."

"I won't, I won't! But oh, Johnnie, stay with me!"

"Mother's calling; Jesus is calling! Good bye, Davie!"

With these words upon his lips, the patient spirit winged his flight to that land where the dark cloud of sorrow and suffering cannot shut out the light from child life.

As Davie sat beside the cold little body, it seemed as if his life was frozen at its springs, and his heart was turning to stone. The last ray of sunlight in his dreary existence had faded into night. Not into night, but into everlasting day, if you but knew it, poor child! But all he knew was that the little brother who helped to fill and arrange his basket in the morning, watched and waited for his return in the evening, comforting him in his dis-

appointments, — whose strange questions and sayings had so often puzzled him, was now no more. Tenderly, and like a mother, had he watched over him. All the more tenderly and deeply did he love him because he was so weak and helpless.

A dim vision of green fields, where the daisy, the buttercup and the sweet harebell grew; of pure air, blue skies and white, fleecy clouds,—a vision that had once been a reality,—often rose before him.

"Oh!" he would think, "if we could only go there, Johnnie would get strong."

But the "going there" seemed so very unlikely, that latterly he had given up thinking of it; and the remembrance of the country became more and more indistinct.

Now, as he sat there beside his dead, the cold moon peering in, making fantastic shapes on wall and floor, it came back to him again. And more. Their rose-covered cottage; his mother's loving smile, as she watched him playing at the door with dimple-chinned baby Johnnie, while waiting their father's return from his daily work, seemed but as yesterday. The chasm that separated *then* and *now* was forgotten. But presently the baby tumbles, and in reaching out his arm to save him, he wakens with a shudder, for it is a cold body he touches, not the warm living one of the crowing baby.

In an instant he was full awake, and starting up—for it was now daylight—a full sense of his loss overpowered him. A flood of tears came to his relief, as he again and again kissed the cold lips, upon which a happy, restful smile still lingered.

A few hours later, two men carrying a plain deal coffin, scarcely larger than a baby's, followed by a single mourner, approached the paupers' burying ground. Davie knew the place; for holding Johnnie by the hand, he had followed, and watched them as they lowered his mother into the grave. As the last shovelful of earth was thrown in, he turned away, holding more tightly the hand that rested in his, and hastened from the spot; for the light laughter and careless talk of the men jarred painfully on his mourning heart. Then he had a little clinging brother to care for. But now as he pressed his pinched face against the paling, for he shrank from

entering the graveyard, he almost wished to lie there too. He remembered Johnnie's wondering remark, as they watched them lower their mother into the earth,

"I thought heaven was up there, and the men were going to take mother up; but they've put her in the ground."

He knew their souls were not there; they had gone back to God. But that part he could see and feel was lost to him forever; for he knew not that one day his eyes would again behold mother and brother; that the bodies now hid from his sight would arise from their graves, and in beauty stand before their God.

When the men had finished their task, and were about leaving the burying-ground, he moved away, lest they should insist on his return home. That he could not do, but when they were out of sight he returned to the spot where he had stood watching them at their work. In all that great city, was there not one human heart to spare the homeless and friendless lad a portion of its love.

The short day was fast fading into night, and still Davie sat there. He was very weak, for he was two days without even the crust that so often was his only meal, and unless succor came, the poor boy was likely to find rest with the quiet sleepers so near him. As he sat there in the deepening gloom, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a kindly voice asked,—

"Eh, my lad, going to sleep here all night?"

Davie started to his feet, thinking it was a policeman, and that he must move on, but the eye that was bent on the poor forlorn child was one of pity; and gradually the kind-hearted city missionary drew from him the story of his sorrow. Accustomed as he was to such scenes as this tale disclosed, there was something so very touching in the boy's devotion, and in his appeal not to send him back to his garret—"I can't go, sir; oh, I can't go back and Johnnie not there!"—that Mr. Welsh, though sorely puzzled, for his means were small and taxed to the uttermost, resolved to take him to his own poor lodgings.

* * * * *

It was spring—spring in London. How different from the same sweet season in the country! Still, amidst the dirt and smoke and squalor of the East End, its reviving influences were felt. Hundreds of the ragged, half-starved children that crowd its filthy courts were luxuriating in the bits of sunshine that made their way down to the less narrow alleys. Through these streets, so well-remembered, Davie Grant passed. Although he has lost the wan, hungry look he wore when last we saw him, he still looks older than his years. His eyes fill as he looks at the poor children, for he knows how they must suffer. He knows it, how you, who have never gone one hour hungry, cannot know, although your ears hear the story and your eyes witness the want.

But he hurries on. He is going to take a last look at his mother's and brother's graves. To-morrow will find him on board the steamer that is to bear him to the West. He had heard at the school to which his kind friend had sent him during the winter, of a land of great forests and wide plains, with rivers broad and deep, lakes like seas, skies sunny and bright, and whose sunsets were like glimpses of heaven's glory.

And all the winter he pondered it over and over, and when spring came he told his friend his eager desire to reach that western land. Other friends were soon found who provided the means. All the arrangements are made and he is going in the care of a worthy family to a home in the western part of the Dominion. His last evening in London he seeks once more the paupers' burying place.

Although tears dim his eyes, there is not that hopeless sorrow at his heart that had made it like such a dreary blank six months ago; for before him was stretched out the land of promise. He was leaving graves in Egypt, but he knew he should meet their occupants in a fairer, brighter land, of which the one to which he was going was an emblem.

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

INTIMATE FRIENDS.

"Aunt Izzie, may I ask Imogen Clark to spend the day here on Saturday?" cried Katy, bursting in one afternoon.

"Who on earth is Imogen Clark? I never heard the name before," replied her aunt.

"Oh, the *loveliest* girl! She hasn't been going to Mrs. Knight's school but a little while, but we're the greatest friends. And she's perfectly beautiful, Aunt Izzie. Her hands are just as white as snow, and no bigger than *that*. She's got the littlest waist of any girl in school, and she's real sweet, and so self-denying and unselfish! I don't believe she has a bit good times at home, either. Do let me ask her!"

"How do you know she's so sweet and self-denying, if you've known her such a short time?" asked Aunt Izzie, in an unpromising tone.

"Oh, she tells me everything! We always walk together at recess now. I know all about her, and she's just lovely! Her father used to be real rich, but they're poor now, and Imogen had to have her boots patched twice last winter. I guess she's the flower of her family. You can't think how I love her!" concluded Katy, sentimentally.

"No, I can't," said Aunt Izzie. "I never could see into these sudden friendships of yours, Katy, and I'd rather you wouldn't invite this Imogen, or whatever her name is, till I've had a chance to ask somebody about her."

Katy clasped her hands in despair. "Oh, Aunt Izzie!" she cried, "Imogen knows that I came in to ask you, and she's standing at the gate at this moment, waiting to hear what you say. Please let me, just this once! I shall be so dreadfully ashamed not to."

"Well," said Miss Izzie, moved by the wretchedness of Katy's face, "if you've asked her already, it's no use my saying no, I suppose. But recollect, Katy, this is not to happen again. I can't have you inviting girls, and then coming for my leave. Your father won't be at all pleased. He's very particular about whom you make friends with. Remember how Mrs. Spenser turned out."

Poor Katy! Her propensity to fall violently in love with new people was always getting her into scrapes. Ever since she began to walk and talk, "Katy's intimate friends" had been one of the jokes of the household.

Papa once undertook to keep a list of them, but the number grew so great that

he gave it up in despair. First on the list was a small Irish child, named Marianne O'Riley. Marianne lived in a street which Katy passed on her way to school. It was not Mrs. Knight's, but an A B C school, to which Dorry and John now went. Marianne used to be always making sand-pies in front of her mother's house, and Katy, who was about five years old, often stopped to help her. Over this mutual pastry they grew so intimate, that Katy resolved to adopt Marianne as her own little girl, and bring her up in a safe and hidden corner.

She told Clover of this plan, but nobody else. The two children, full of their delightful secret, began to save pieces of bread and cookies from their supper every evening. By degrees they collected a great heap of dry crusts, and other refreshments, which they put safely away in the garret. They also saved the apples which were given them for two weeks, and made a bed in a big empty box, with cotton quilts, and the dolls' pillows out of the baby-house. When all was ready, Katy broke the plan to her beloved Marianne, and easily persuaded her to run away and take possession of this new home.

"We won't tell Papa and Mamma till she's quite grown up," Katy said to Clover; "then we'll bring her down stairs, and *won't* they be surprised? Don't let's call her Marianne any longer, either. It isn't pretty. We'll name her Susquehanna instead—Susquehanna Carr. Recollect, Marianne, you mustn't answer if I call you Marianne—only when I say Susquehanna."

"Yes'm," replied Marianne, very meekly. For a whole day all went on delightfully. Susquehanna lived in her wooden box, ate all the apples and the freshest cookies, and was happy. The two children took turns to steal away and play with the "Baby," as they called Marianne, though she was a great deal bigger than Clover. But when night came on, and nurse swooped on Katy and Clover, and carried them off to bed, Miss O'Riley began to think that the garret was a dreadful place. Peeping out of her box, she could see black things standing in corners, which she did not recollect seeing in the day-time. They were really trunks and brooms and warming-pans, but somehow, in the darkness, they looked different—big and awful. Poor little Marianne bore it as long as she could; but when at last a rat began to scratch in the wall close beside her, her courage gave way entirely, and she screamed at the top of her voice.

"What is that?" said Dr. Carr, who had just come in, and was on his way upstairs.

"It sounds as if it came from the attic," said Mrs. Carr (for this was before Mamma died). "Can it be that one of the children has got out of bed and wandered upstairs in her sleep?"

No, Katy and Clover were safe in the nursery; so Dr. Carr took a candle and went as fast as he could to the attic, where the yells were growing terrific. When he reached the top of the stairs, the cries ceased. He looked about. Nothing was to be seen at first, then a little head appeared over the edge of a big wooden box, and a piteous voice sobbed out:

"Ah, Miss Katy, and indeed I can't be stayin' any longer. There's rats in it!"

"Who on earth are *you*?" asked the amazed doctor.

"Sure I'm Miss Katy's and Miss Clover's Baby. But I don't want to be a baby any longer. I want to go home and see my mother." And again the poor little midge lifted up her voice and wept.

I don't think Mr. Carr ever laughed so hard in his life, as when finally he got to the bottom of the story, and found that Katy and Clover had been "adopting" a child. But he was very kind to poor Susquehanna, and carried her down stairs in his arms, to the nursery. There, in a bed close to the other children, she soon forgot her troubles and fell asleep.

The little sisters were much surprised when they waked up in the morning, and found their Baby asleep beside them. But their joy was speedily turned to tears. After breakfast, Dr. Carr carried Marianne home to her mother, who was in a great fright over her disappearance, and explained to the children that the garret plan must be given up. Great was the mourning in the nursery; but as Marianne was allowed to come and play with them now and then, they gradually got over their grief. A few months later Mr. O'Riley moved away from Burnet, and that was the end of Katy's first friendship.

The next was even funnier. There was a queer old black woman who lived all alone by herself in a small house near the school. This old woman had a very bad temper. The neighbors told horrible stories about her, so that the children were afraid to pass the house. They used to turn always just before they reached it, and cross to the other side of the street. This they did so regularly, that their feet had worn a path in the grass. But for some reason Katy found a great fascination in the little house. She liked to dodge about the door, always holding herself ready to turn and run in case the old woman rushed out upon her with a broomstick. One day she begged a large cabbage of Alexander, and rolled it in at the door of the house. The old woman seemed to like it, and after this Katy always stopped to speak when she went by. She even got so far as to sit on the step and watch the old woman at work. There was a sort of perilous pleasure in doing this. It was like sitting at the entrance of a lion's

cage, uncertain at what moment his Majesty might take it into his head to give a spring and eat you up.

After this, Katy took a fancy to a couple of twin sisters, daughters of a German jeweller. They were quite grown-up, and always wore dresses exactly alike. Hardly any one could tell them apart. They spoke very little English, and as Katy didn't know a word of German, their intercourse was confined to smiles, and to the giving of bunches of flowers, which Katy used to tie up and present to them whenever they passed the gate. She was too shy to do more than just put the flowers in their hands and run away; but the twins were evidently pleased, for one day, when Clover happened to be looking out of the window, she saw them open the gate, fasten a little parcel to a bush, and walk rapidly off. Of course she called Katy at once, and the two children flew out to see what the parcel was. It held a bonnet—a beautiful doll's bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with artificial flowers; upon it was pinned a slip of paper with these words, in an odd foreign hand:

"To the nice little girl who was so kindly to give us some flowers."

You can judge whether Katy and Clover were pleased or not.

This was when Katy was six years old. I can't begin to tell you how many different friends she had set up since then. There was an ash-man, and a steamboat captain. There was Mrs. Sawyer's cook, a nice old woman, who gave Katy lessons in cooking, and taught her to make soft custard and sponge-cake. There was a bonnet-maker, pretty and dressy, whom, to Aunt Izzie's great indignation, Katy persisted in calling "Cousin Estelle!" There was a thief in the town-jail, under whose window Katy used to stand, saying, "I'm so sorry, poor man!" and "have you got any little girls like me?" in the most piteous way. The thief had a piece of string which he let down from the window. Katy would tie rose-buds and cherries to this string, and the thief would draw them up. It was so interesting to do this, that Katy felt dreadfully when they carried the man off to the State Prison. Then followed a short interval of Cornelia Perham, a nice, good-natured girl, whose father was a fruit-merchant. I am afraid Katy's liking for prunes and white grapes played a part in this intimacy. It was splendid fun to go with Cornelia to her father's big shop, and have whole boxes of raisins and drums of figs opened for their amusement, and be allowed to ride up and down in the elevator as much as they liked. But of all Katy's queer acquaintances, Mrs. Spenser, to whom Aunt Izzie had alluded, was the queerest.

Mrs. Spenser was a mysterious lady whom

nobody ever saw. Her husband was a handsome, rather bad-looking man, who had come from parts unknown, and rented a small house in Burnet. He didn't seem to have any particular business, and was away from home a great deal. His wife was said to be an invalid, and people, when they spoke of him, shook their heads and wondered how the poor woman got on all alone in the house, while her husband was absent.

Of course Katy was too young to understand these whispers, or the reasons why people were not disposed to think well of Mr. Spenser. The romance of the closed door and the lady whom nobody saw, interested her very much. She used to stop and stare at the windows, and wonder what was going on inside, till at last it seemed as if she *must* know. So, one day she took some flowers and Victoria, her favorite doll, and boldly marched into the Spensers' yard.

She tapped at the front door, but nobody answered. Then she tapped again. Still nobody answered. She tried the door. It was locked. So shouldering Victoria, she trudged round to the back of the house. As she passed the side-door she saw that it was open a little way. She knocked for the third time, and as no one came, she went in, and passing through the little hall, began to tap at all the inside doors.

There seemed to be no people in the house. Katy peeped into the kitchen first. It was bare and foul. All sorts of dishes were standing about. There was no fire in the stove. The parlor was not much better. Mr. Spenser's boots lay in the middle of the floor. There were dirty glasses on the table. On the mantel-piece was a platter with bones of meat upon it. Dust lay thick over everything, and the whole house looked as if it hadn't been lived in for at least a year.

Katy tried several other doors, all of which were locked, and then she went up stairs. As she stood on the top step, grasping her flowers, and a little doubtful what to do next, a feeble voice from a bedroom called out:

"Who is there?"

This was Mrs. Spenser. She was lying on her bed, which was very tossed and tumbled, as if it hadn't been made up that morning. The room was as disorderly and dirty as all the rest of the house, and Mrs. Spenser's wrapper and night-cap were by no means clean, but her face was sweet, and she had beautiful curling hair, which fell over the pillow. She was evidently very sick, and altogether Katy felt sorrier for her than she had ever done for anybody in her life.

"Who are you, child?" asked Mrs. Spenser.

"I'm Dr. Carr's little girl," answered

Katy, going straight up to the bed. "I came to bring you some flowers." And she laid the bouquet on the dirty sheet.

Mrs. Spenser seemed to like the flowers. She took them up and smelled them for a long time, without speaking.

"But how did you get in?" she said at last.

"The door was open," faltered Katy, who was beginning to feel scared at her own daring, "and they said you were sick, so I thought perhaps you would like me to come and see you."

"You are a kind little girl," said Mrs. Spenser, and gave her a kiss.

After this Katy used to go every day. Sometimes Mrs. Spenser would be up and moving feebly about; but more often she was in bed, and Katy would sit beside her. The house never looked a bit better than it did that first day, but after a while Katy used to brush Mrs. Spenser's hair, and wash her face with the corner of a towel.

I think her visits were a comfort to the poor lady, who was very ill and lonely. Sometimes, when she felt pretty well, she would tell Katy stories about the time when *she* was a little girl and lived at home with her father and mother. But she never spoke of Mr. Spenser, and Katy never saw him except once, when she was so frightened that for several days she dared not go near the house. At last Cecy reported that she had seen him go off in the stage with his carpet-bag, so Katy ventured in again. Mrs. Spenser cried when she saw her.

"I thought you were never coming any more," she said.

Katy was touched and flattered at having been missed, and after that she never lost a day. She always carried the prettiest flowers she could find, and if any one gave her a specially nice peach or a bunch of grapes she saved it for Mrs. Spenser.

Aunt Izzie was much worried at all this. But Dr. Carr would not interfere. He said it was a case where grown people could do nothing, and if Katy was a comfort to the poor lady he was glad. Katy was glad too, and the visits did her as much good as they did Mrs. Spenser, for the intense pity she felt for the sick woman made her gentle and patient as she had never been before.

One day she stopped, as usual, on her way home from school. She tried the side-door—it was locked; the back-door, it was locked too. All the blinds were shut tight. This was very puzzling.

As she stood in the yard a woman put her head out of the window of the next house. "It's no use knocking," she said, "all the folks have gone away."

"Gone away where?" asked Katy.

"Nobody knows," said the woman; "the gentleman came back in the middle of the night, and this morning, before light, he had a wagon at the door, and just put in

the trunks and the sick lady, and drove off. There's been more than one a-knocking besides you, since then. But Mr. Pudgett, he's got the key, and nobody can get in without goin' to him."

It was too true. Mrs. Spenser was gone, and Katy never saw her again. In a few days it came out that Mr. Spenser was a very bad man, and had been making false money—*counterfeiting*, as grown people call it. The police were searching for him to put him in jail, and that was the reason he had come back in such a hurry and carried off his poor sick wife. Aunt Izzie cried with mortification, when she heard this. She said she thought it was a disgrace that Katy should have been visiting in a counterfeiter's family. But Dr. Carr only laughed. He told Aunt Izzie that he didn't think that kind of crime was catching, and as for Mrs. Spenser, she was much to be pitied. But Aunt Izzie could not get over her vexation, and every now and then, when she was vexed, she would refer to the affair, though this all happened so long ago that most people had forgotten all about it, and Philly and John had stopped playing at "Putting Mr. Spenser in Jail," which for a long time was one of their favorite games.

Katy always felt badly when Aunt Izzie spoke unkindly of her poor sick friend. She had tears in her eyes now, as she walked to the gate, and looked so very sober, that Imogen Clark, who stood there waiting, clasped her hands and said:

"Ah, I see! Your aristocratic aunt refuses."

Imogen's real name was Elizabeth. She was rather a pretty girl, with a screwed-up sentimental mouth, shiny brown hair, and a little round curl on each of her cheeks. These curls must have been fastened on with glue or tin tacks, one would think, for they never moved, however much she laughed or shook her head. Imogen was a bright girl, naturally, but she had read so many novels that her brain was completely turned. It was partly this which made her so attractive to Katy, who adored stories, and thought Imogen was a real heroine of romance.

"Oh no, she doesn't," she replied, hardly able to keep from laughing, at the idea of Aunt Izzie's being called an "aristocratic relative"—"she says she shall be most hap—" But here Katy's conscience gave a prick, and the sentence ended in "um, um, um—" "So you'll come, won't you, darling? I am so glad!"

"And I!" said Imogen, turning up her eyes theatrically.

From this time on till the end of the week, the children talked of nothing but Imogen's visit, and the nice time they were going to have. Before breakfast on Saturday morning, Katy and Clover were at

work building a beautiful bower of asparagus boughs under the trees. All the playthings were set out in order. Debby baked them some cinnamon cakes, the kitten had a pink ribbon tied round her neck, and the dolls, including "Pikery," were arrayed in their best clothes.

About half-past ten Imogen arrived. She was dressed in a light-blue *barège*, with low neck and short sleeves, and wore coral beads in her hair, white satin slippers, and a pair of yellow gloves. The gloves and slippers were quite dirty, and the *barège* was old and darned; but the general effect was so very gorgeous, that the children, who were dressed for play, in gingham frocks and white aprons, were quite dazzled at the appearance of their guest.

"Oh, Imogen, you look just like a young lady in a story!" said simple Katy; whereupon Imogen tossed her head and rustled her skirts about more than ever.

Somehow, with these fine clothes, Imogen seemed to have put on a fine manner, quite different from the one she used every day. You know some people always do, when they go out visiting. You would almost have supposed that this was a different Imogen, who was kept in a box most of the time, and taken out for Sundays and grand occasions. She swam about, and diddled, and lisped, and looked at herself in the glass, and was generally grown-up and airy. When Aunt Izzie spoke to her, she fluttered and behaved so queerly, that Clover almost laughed; and even Katy, who could see nothing wrong in people she loved, was glad to carry her away to the play-room.

"Come out to the bower," she said, putting her arm round the blue *barège* waist.

"A bower!" cried Imogen. "How sweet!" But when they reached the asparagus boughs her face fell. "Why it hasn't any roof, or pinnacles, or any fountain!" she said.

"Why no, of course not," said Clover, staring; "we made it ourselves."

"Oh!" said Imogen. She was evidently disappointed. Katy and Clover felt mortified; but as their visitor did not care for the bower, they tried to think of something else.

"Let us go to the Loft," they said.

So they all crossed the yard together. Imogen picked her way daintily in the white satin slippers, but when she saw the spiked post, she gave a scream.

"Oh, not up there, darling, not up there!" she cried; "never, never!"

"Oh, do try! It's just as easy as can be," pleaded Katy, going up and down half a dozen of times in succession to show how easy it was. But Imogen wouldn't be persuaded.

"Do not ask me," she said affectedly;

"my nerves would never stand such a thing! And beside—my dress!"

"What made you wear it?" said Philly, who was a plain-spoken child, and given to questions. While John whispered to Dorry, "That's a real stupid girl. Let's go off somewhere and play by ourselves."

So, one by one, the small fry crept away, leaving Katy and Clover to entertain the visitor by themselves. They tried dolls, but Imogen did not care for dolls. Then they proposed to sit down in the shade, and cap verses, a game they all liked. But Imogen said that though she adored poetry she never could remember any. So it ended in their going to the orchard, where Imogen ate a great many plums and early apples, and really seemed to enjoy herself. But when she could eat no more, a dreadful dullness fell over the party. At last Imogen said:

"Don't you ever sit in the drawing-room?"

"The what?" asked Clover.

"The drawing-room," repeated Imogen.

"Oh, she means the parlor!" cried Katy.

"No, we don't sit there except when Aunt Izzie has company to tea. It is all dark and poky, you know. Beside, it's so much pleasanter to be outdoors. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, sometimes," replied Imogen, doubtfully; "but I think it would be pleasant to go in and sit there for a while, now. My head aches dreadfully, being out here in this horrid sun."

Katy was at her wit's end to know what to do. They scarcely ever went into the parlor, which Aunt Izzie regarded as a sort of sacred place. She kept cotton petticoats over all the chairs for fear of dust, and never opened the blinds for fear of flies. The idea of children with dusty boots going in there to sit! On the other hand, Katy's natural politeness made it hard to refuse a visitor anything she asked for. And beside, it was dreadful to think that Imogen might go away and report Katy Carr isn't allowed to sit in the best room, even when she has company! With a quaking heart, she led the way to the parlor. She dared not open the blinds, so the room looked very dark. She could just see Imogen's figure as she sat on the sofa, and Clover twirling uneasily about on the piano-stool. All the time she kept listening to hear if Aunt Izzie were not coming, and altogether the parlor was a dismal place to her; not half so pleasant as the asparagus bower, where they felt perfectly safe.

But Imogen, who, for the first time, seemed comfortable, began to talk. Her talk was about herself. Such stories she told about the things which had happened to her! All the young ladies in *The Ledger* put together, never had stranger ad-

ventures. Gradually, Katy and Clover got so interested that they left their seats and crouched down close to the sofa, listening with open mouths to these stories. Katy forgot to listen for Aunt Izzie. The parlor door swung open, but she did not notice it. She did not even hear the front door shut, when Papa came home to dinner.

Dr. Carr, stopping in the hall to glance over his newspaper, heard the high-pitched voice running on in the parlor. At first he hardly listened; then these words caught his ear:

"Oh, it was lovely, girls, perfectly delicious! I suppose I did look well, for I was all in white, with my hair let down, and just one rose, you know, here on top. And he leaned over me, and said in a low, deep tone, 'Lady, I am a Brigand, but I feel the enchanting power of beauty. You are free!'"

Dr. Carr pushed the door open a little farther. Nothing was to be seen but some indistinct figures, but he heard Katy's voice in an eager tone:

"Oh, *do* go on. What happened next?"

"Who on earth have the children got in the parlor?" he asked Aunt Izzie, whom he found in the dining-room.

"The parlor!" cried Miss Izzie, wrathfully, "why, what are they there for?" Then going to the door, she called out, "Children, what are you doing in the parlor? Come out right away. I thought you were playing out doors."

"Imogen had a headache," faltered Katy. The three girls came out into the hall; Clover and Katy looking scared, and even the Enchanter of the Brigand quite crestfallen.

"Oh," said Aunt Izzie, grimly, "I am sorry to hear that. Probably you are bilious. Would you like some camphor or anything?"

"No, thank you," replied Imogen, meekly. But afterwards she whispered to Katy:

"Your aunt isn't very nice, I think. She's just like Jackima, that horrid old woman I told you about, who lived in the Brigand's Cave and did the cooking."

"I don't think you're a bit polite to tell me so," retorted Katy, very angry at this speech.

"Oh, never mind, dear, don't take it to heart!" replied Imogen, sweetly. "We can't help having relations that ain't nice, you know."

The visit was evidently not a success. Papa was very civil to Imogen at dinner, but he watched her closely, and Katy saw a comical twinkle in his eye, which she did not like. Papa had very droll eyes. They saw everything, and sometimes they seemed to talk almost as distinctly as his tongue. Katy began to feel low-spirited. She confessed afterward that she should never

have got through the afternoon if she hadn't run up stairs two or three times, and comforted herself by reading a little in "Rosamond."

"Aren't you glad she's gone?" whispered Clover, as they stood at the gate together watching Imogen walk down the street.

"Oh, Clover! how can you?" said Katy. But she gave Clover a great hug, and I think in her heart she *was* glad.

"Katy," said Papa, next day, "you came into the room then, exactly like your new friend Miss Clark."

"How?" said Dr. Carr, "you mean," answered Katy, blushing deeply.

"So," said Dr. Carr; and he got up, raising his shoulders and squaring his elbows, and took a few mincing steps across the room. Katy couldn't help laughing, it was so funny, and so like Imogen. Then Papa sat down again and drew her close to him.

"My dear," he said, "you're an affectionate child, and I'm glad of it. But there is such a thing as throwing away one's affection. I didn't fancy that little girl at all yesterday. What makes you like her so much?"

"I didn't like her so much yesterday," admitted Katy, reluctantly. "She's a great deal nicer than that at school, sometimes."

"I'm glad to hear it," said her father. "For I should be sorry to hear that you really admired such silly manners. And what was that nonsense I heard her telling you about brigands?"

"It really hap—" began Katy; then she caught Papa's eye, and bit her lip, for he looked very quizzical. "Well," she went on, laughing, "I suppose it didn't really all happen;—but it was ever so funny, Papa, even, if it was a make-up. And Imogen's just as good-natured as can be. All the girls like her."

"Make-ups are all very well," said Papa, "as long as people don't try to make you believe they are true. When they do that, it seems to me it comes too near the edge of falsehood to be very safe or pleasant. If I were you, Katy, I'd be a little shy of swearing eternal friendship for Miss Clark. She may be good-natured, as you say, but I think two or three years hence she won't seem so nice to you as she does now. Give me a kiss, Chick, and run away, for there's Alexander w.th the buggy."

ELEONORA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In every branch of the Christian Church are found earnest disciples of Jesus Christ. The greatest errors of the intellect do not

prevent a genuine consecration of heart and life. In spite of great mistakes in theology, the soul may be fully set to follow the Divine Master.

Of these truths the life of Eleonora furnishes a striking illustration.

About one hundred and sixty years ago, in the heart of Germany, this young duchess, Eleonora, lived, residing in the court of her father, Philip the Elector Palatine. In childhood she became a Christian, an earnest warm-hearted disciple of Jesus. Guided by the teachings of her spiritual instructors, who though doubtless sincere, had engrafted upon the precepts of the Bible the traditions and superstitions of that dark age, she was taught to deprive herself of almost every innocent gratification, and to practise upon her fragile frame all the severities of an anchorite. Celibacy was especially commended to her as a virtue peculiarly grateful to God. She consequently declined all solicitations for her hand.

Leopold, the widowed Emperor of Germany, sent a magnificent retinue to the palace of the grand elector and solicited Eleonora for his bride. It was the most brilliant match Europe could furnish. But Eleonora, notwithstanding the importunities of her parents, who were exceedingly elated by the prospects of such an alliance, rejected the proffered crown.

As the emperor urged his plea, the conscientious maiden, that she might render herself personally unattractive to him, neglected her dress and exposed herself unbonneted to the sun and the wind. She thus succeeded in repelling his suit, and the emperor married Claudia of Tyrol.

The Elector Palatine was one of the most powerful of the minor princes of Europe, and his court, in gaiety and splendor, rivalled even that of the emperor. Eleonora was compelled to be a prominent actor in the gorgeous saloons of her father's palace and to mingle with the festive throng in all their pageants of pleasure. But her heart was elsewhere. Several hours every day were devoted to prayer and religious reading. She visited the sick in lowly cottages, and with her own hands performed the most self-denying duties required at the bedside of pain and death.

After the lapse of three years Claudia died, and again the widowed emperor sought the hand of Eleonora. Her spiritual advisers now urged that it was her duty to accept the imperial alliance since, upon the throne, she could render herself so useful in extending the influence of the Church. Promptly she yielded to the voice of duty, and, charioted in splendor, was conveyed a bride to Vienna.

But her Christian character remained unchanged. She carried the penance and self-sacrifice of the cloister into the voluptuous-

ness of the palace. The imperial table was loaded with every luxury, but Eleonora, the empress, drank only cold water and ate of fare as humble as could be found in any peasant's hut. She said that she could not indulge in costly viands when the poor were suffering for food.

On occasions of state it was needful that she should be dressed in embroidered robes of purple and of gold. But to prevent any possibility of the risings of pride her dress and jewelry were so arranged with sharp brass pricking the flesh, that she was kept in a state of constant discomfort. Thus she endeavored, while discharging with the utmost fidelity the duties of a wife and of an empress, to be reminded that life is but probation.

These mistaken austerities, caused by the darkness of the age, only show how sincere and entire was her consecration to God. When Eleonora attended the opera, she took with her the Psalms of David, bound to represent the books of the performance, and thus unostentatiously endeavored to shield her mind from the profane and indelicate allusions with which the operas of those days were filled, and from which, as yet, they are by no means purified.

She translated the Psalms and several other devotional books into German verse for the benefit of her subjects. She was often seen with packages of garments and baskets of food entering the cottages of the poor peasantry around her country palace, ministering, like an angel of mercy, to all their wants.

At length her husband, the Emperor Leopold, was taken sick. Eleonora watched at his pillow with all the assiduity of a sister of charity. She hardly abandoned her post for a moment, by day or by night, until, with her own hands, she closed his eyes as he slept in death.

Eleonora survived her husband fifteen years, devoting herself through all this period to the instruction of the ignorant, to nursing the sick, and feeding and clothing the poor. All possible luxury she discarded, and endeavored, as closely as possible, to imitate her Saviour, who had not where to lay His head. Her death was like the slumber of a child who falls asleep upon its mother's bosom. At her express request her funeral was unattended with any display. She directed that there should be inscribed upon her tombstone simply the words:

"Eleonora: a poor sinner."—*Christian Weekly*.

AN INSTRUCTIVE GAME.

Perpaps it is not exactly a game, but it might be easily made into one. I don't know what to call it either, unless it be a "Journey by the Fireside," or it may be

the "Home Encyclopedia." The idea is this: Some one selects an object, any common one whatever, and questions the others. Take, for illustration, the first thing before me—my lamp. See what a lot of questions may come out of this. What is the Lamp made of? What is brass? What is zinc? Where does it come from? In what shape is it found? What color? Does it melt easily or not? What is it used for besides to make brass? So the same series or longer of questions about the copper. The base of the lamp has lead run into it to make it heavy, and a whole lot more can be learned about that. Then the chimney and shade are glass, and probably but very few can tell much about so common a thing as that. The wick—that is, of course, cotton. What is cotton? what part of the plant? where is it grown, and all about it? why is the wick made hollow, in the form of a cylinder? Then the oil—there is quite a story about that. Here is a single article in the room that would keep a lot of bright boys and girls profitably at work a whole evening. Such a looking-up of dictionaries and other books before some of the questions could be properly answered! and no doubt some of the older people would find themselves at their "wit's ends" to answer all the questions that could be put. I hope some of the boys and girls will try this, for they will find out in the first place how little they really know about the articles they handle and use every day, and in the second place they will find that these silent common things, like some silent common people, have a history if they can be only made to tell it.—*Agriculturist*.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut the door.

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really wish you would shut the door."

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore,
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy and said, "No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said his parents, "then keep on shore,
But mind you do! For the plague is sore
Of a fellow that will never shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

Good Things.

The Home.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

There are many nice people in our smaller towns who fancy themselves to be fulfilling all social and hospitable duties, but who yet are often in danger of neglecting a duty that belongs as plainly to society as hospitality itself. These good ladies are those who, we fear, consider social obligations as a whole rather in the light of supererogatory works of grace than otherwise—things that, when done, are to be largely added up in one's account with the world, but undone, are by no means to detract from one's merits; ladies, who, if their inner feelings were searched, would be found to consider a dinner-party as a waste of time and material, deserving of a frequent repetition during its preparation of the old adage that wicked waste makes woful want; who regard an evening party, after all, rather as a sacrifice to the powers of evil than any thing else; and who are doubtful if the act of making a morning call is not a concession to vanity and idleness and gossip; though they feel themselves bound in a measure by the habits of those about them.

Doubtless these good people are of the very best we have, the cream of our smaller societies, for they are not only those who mean to perform the whole duty of women, but who do not perform it mechanically and without pausing to look into the reason of it, and do not for a moment condescend to think that, because their grandmothers did a certain thing, they are necessarily to continue the habit indefinitely. It is, then, all the more to be regretted that these ladies feel it so praiseworthy in themselves to make and return a yearly round of calls on those with whom they have had a life-long acquaintance that they are thereby excused from all necessity of calling upon a stranger, and making her, so far as they are individually able to do it, a part of the pleasant social family of the place, unless that stranger be especially accredited to themselves. And here lies, we think, the danger, and the lapse from hospitality and true good manners into what, while it is in reality only idle indifference, seems like a churlish seclusion which is quite capable of giving not only annoyance but unhappiness to the sensitive and lonesome stranger.

No person, as a rule, breaks up a dwelling in one place, and removes with all the household gods to another and foreign domicile, without a disruption of many dear ties, without suffering an experience of more or less pain, no matter how necessary or advisable the removal may have been. If an individual who had lately passed through such an uncomfortable phase came into any of our own families, we should receive her with open arms, and each would vie with the other in the effort to make her feel contented and at home again. Pray, if it is her natural place, why should we not receive her just as cordially into the larger family of friends and neighbors, and try as warmly to restore to her the happiness that has been lost or sadly jarred, and prove that it is quite possible for new friends to be as good as old?

Yet it is not at all necessary that, in order to deserve this kindness at the hands of her new neighbors, she should be a forlorn and wretched being. On the contrary, she may have her husband and her children and her home, and be very happy inside her own walls, so far as her family is at question; yet the outer atmosphere will penetrate even there, and if it is a chilly, captious, or uncivil one, it can not but give her a distrust of herself, a certain hostility toward others, and a keener longing for her former home, where all were friends together. There is no woman of a natural and healthy temperament to whom some female companionship and sympathy are not a necessity, however blest she may be in her domestic relations; for man is a gregarious animal, and woman is a part of mankind. Moreover, if this companionship were not a matter of mental health, it might be a matter of personal pride with her, and quite justifiable pride too, that her husband should see his early admiration of her not at fault in the estimation of others, observing her still capable of winning new friends. We speak, of course, of the married, for the unmarried woman is not so apt to move her residence, except in the case of the teacher; and the teacher, if she had not an undoubted intellectual rank, must always find the way open before her, since all wise mothers feel it a necessity to know the instructress of their children, on whom so much depends, in manners, in thought, in knowledge.

Yet, in point of fact, when a wife has followed her husband's fortunes into a new place, those persons with whom he has relations of business or otherwise will send their wives to call upon her and invite her to their houses, and usually those alone, while others, who hold themselves to be among the leaders of such society as there may be, will meet her there season after season. and not deeming the fact that she is a stranger, well-behaved and well-connected, any particular reason for particular civility, will have as slight an acquaintance with her at the end as at the beginning. And we ourselves have known of a case in which a lady of talents, of beauty, of virtue, came a stranger to a town, and lived there a life of almost complete isolation, while her children grew up to throw distinction on the place, never having herself been invited into half a dozen houses, and that not because any body doubted her or wished to slight her, but because nobody took the pains to welcome her till it was too late to do it with decency.

It is, of course, to be admitted that a life of too frequent calls would be a frivolous dissipation of time that nobody would counsel or admire; but the habit of the social call is one that has its root in a fine and sweet philosophy of life. It keeps old friendships alive; it forms new ones and cements them; it maintains the magic cord of society; it helps to give the young caller a glimpse of the so-called world; it helps to keep the old caller still in the current of affairs; it countenances the worthy, or is supposed to do so; it frowns down and excludes the unworthy; and being an engine of so much importance in its own line, it is not to be set running on every slight occasion.

But the arrival in our little town of a stranger of much the same education as ourselves, of much the same conduct, is not at all a slight occasion; and when it is known, as it is from a few minutes' enquiry or observation, that her place is among us, that she is, in the vernacular, as good as we are, the delay in giving her the formal acknowledgment and reception of it in a call is a delay that, as members either of civil or religious society, we have no right to make. It is no fit excuse that our circle of friends is already too large; the additional tax upon our time will not be twenty minutes a year for the mere call; and to those who value experience, or who expect to turn life to any account, that year is half lost in which no new friend is made. And, after all, what an excuse it is! The circle of our friends too large! Is it a Christian who makes it, or one who imagines herself capable of employing a heaven where the circle of friends is well-nigh infinite? In large cities, we admit, the case becomes very different. There the customs

that bind the society of smaller places would not be of sufficient breadth to meet the exigencies of totally different life; there, in the rapidly shifting, the uncertain, and treacherous state of things, strangers have to bear their certificates of merit pretty plainly; and there are there so many circles or cliques of equal rank and equal facility for enjoyment that if entrance is not found into one, it is sure to be into another. In the smaller place, on the other hand, to be admitted into the houses of but few of the people is to hang on the skirts of society in most uncomfortable fashion, and to be silently overlooked is to live the life of a hermit. And we think that on reflection it must be admitted that the person who to her limited ability refuses, through indolence or indifference or caprice, the hospitality of the town, the freedom of society, to the deserving stranger, does an unchristian act, and is shamed by any Arab in his desert tent.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

Miss Alcott gives, in the *Transcript*, her experience and her solution of the problem. Her experiment is eminently worth trying. Experience seems to prove that people are largely what we make them. If we treat them with respect and confidence, they tend to be worthy respect and confidence. After narrating the average Irish failure, Miss Alcott says:

I found a delicate little woman of thirty, perhaps, neat, modest, cheerful, and lady-like. She made no promises, but said, "I'll come and try;" so I engaged her for three dollars a week, to take entire charge of the kitchen department. She came; and peace fell upon our perturbed family. A peace that lasted unbroken for four months, in spite of much company, dangerous illness in the house, and many unforeseen incidents. Miss S. was one of the family, for in the beginning I said to her: "I want some one to work with me as my sisters used to do. There is no mistress or maid about it, and the favor is as much on your side as mine. That is a part of my religion, and there is no degradation in it, so you are as much a lady to me, cooking my dinner in the kitchen, as any friend who sits in the parlor. Eat with us, talk with us, work with us; and when the daily tasks are done, rest with us, read our books, sit in our parlor, and enjoy all we can offer you in return for your faithful and intelligent services."

She smiled and looked as if she caught a glimpse of hope and comfort, after much weary seeking for a home as well as a place. I think that she found that I kept my word, and was a happy little woman.

all summer. I know that a great load was lifted off my shoulders, when day after day I found three nicely-cooked meals ready at the appointed hour, my kitchen always neat, with no flies in uncovered milk, no dish towels under the stove, no silver in the sink, or the table looking as if set by a hurricane. She did the marketing also, and the monthly bills showed a surprising difference, for no spoilt messes went to the pigs, timely care kept things in order, and good judgment made economy a pleasant possibility.

When illness came, I had no thought for anything beyond the sick room; all went below as regularly as if I were still there. If friends called, my neat housekeeper could receive and reply to their enquiries. If I forgot to eat, she came to me with some tempting dish, with a look of sympathy that made it sweet; and when I asked how the family got on, I found that all had fared well, and no sense of neglect or waste added to my anxieties. One failing did I discover in Miss S. (I always gave her her name as she gave me mine, and returned the respect she paid me.) She was not very strong, for much work had done for her what it does for most American women in her case, and by lessening her health, had impaired her usefulness. Finding that the washing was too hard for her, I got a stout neighbor to do it.

Cheered by my first success, I tried again, and found no lack of excellent American women longing for a home, and eager to accept the rights, not privileges, which I offered them. Every one whose advertisement I answered, replied to me. I took Miss J., a pretty, soft-eyed woman, whose modest dress and gentle manners won me at once. She was a farmer's daughter seeking to support herself, and had lived seven years in one place as helper, three years as housekeeper for a clergyman, and for two years had the entire charge of a motherless boy. All these experiences had given her power and skill of different sorts, and the refinement of feeling which is so grateful in those we live with. She, too, had worked hard and overtaxed her strength; but was ready to do anything in return for kindness, respect, and the protection of a home. We liked her even better than our S., and the prospect of a lonely winter was made endurable to me by the presence of one who could be both helper and companion. She did the cooking, washing, and ironing, though I preferred to help with the latter, as it was better gymnastics for an arm, cramped with too much pen work, than any movement cure ever invented.

As I found her stronger than Miss S., and able to do much that I never felt willing to ask of the other, I gave her four dollars a week, and felt that it was money well

spent. Unfortunately a sudden change of plan made it necessary to shut up the house for the winter, and disband our forces. I had feared that Miss J. would find it too solitary, and was both touched and pleased when she said, with real regret:—

"Oh no, I'd give anything to stay with you till spring or longer. It is the sort of place I wanted, and never hoped to find."

I made known the case to a friend, and in a week five townsmen came to enquire about my housekeeper, for this second success converted several of the most unbelieving matrons. A place was soon found, and when I said good-bye to my friend as well as helper, she paid me the best compliment I ever received: "I thought perhaps you wrote one way about work and hired another; but you don't; and if ever you want me, I'll come again with all my heart."

Some ladies may object to having a stranger at the table, yet it was better to have a lady there than an ear at the key-hole, and an Irish tongue to gossip of family affairs to the neighbors' girls. Some may think that this helper would be in the way if she sat in the parlor; but a well-bred woman knows by instinct when to go and when to stay. Miss S. gently vanished when visitors came in, or if some duty kept her there, I introduced her, and so prevented any feeling of awkwardness on the part of guests, or that sense of exclusion which is so hard to a social or sensitive woman.

Miss J. always sat in the dining-room, which in the evening was lighted, the folding-doors left open, and the music or chatter of the parlor free to her as to us. It was pleasant to me to see the neat, pretty woman sitting there, enjoying the books, brightening at a friendly word, ready to lend a hand wherever needed, and so happy in the atmosphere of freedom which made labor light, and life less sad and solitary for her.

In a large and fashionable family this may not be possible. But in the great class of families where small incomes make economy necessary, help of this sort is most needed, and may easily be found if the heads of the family are willing to pay for it in something besides money. These women long for homes, are well fitted for these cares, love children, are glad to help busy mothers and lighten domestic burdens, if, with their small wages, they receive respect, sympathy, and the kindness that is genuine, not patronizing or forced. Let them feel that they confer a favor in living with you, that you are equals, and that the fact of a few dollars a week does not build up a wall between two women who need each other.

Dear ladies, don't say this is sentimental or impossible, but try it in all good faith, and take the word of one who has known

both sides of the mistress and maid question, that if you do your part faithfully, you need never again have your substance wasted, your peace destroyed, and your home invaded by foreign incapables.

OUR FACES.

We may pretend that it is otherwise, but we are all interested in our own faces; and yet we treat them as badly as we do many other things in which we are deeply but ignorantly interested. The countenances of a nation define the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proved by the varieties of human faces every where visible. Those whose whole lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage a people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungoverned passions. People whose employments are intellectual invariably have a large, clear gaze, a bright, out-raying expression, as if from inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty. "My sister-in-law is plain," said one lady of another, who possessed such a countenance, "but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful at times that she drew every body in the room towards her. When she is very happy, her face kindles with an absolute radiance." The refining effects of high culture, added to deep religious feelings, not only subdue evil passions, but beautify and elevate the entire expression and bearing of an individual. Thus it is a physical as well as moral fact that it is in the power of every person to improve his own beauty as well as bearing by a constant control of passion and temper, and a deep and constant cultivation of the intellectual faculties, pure affections, and the moral nature.

It is a physical as well as spiritual fact that the concentration of desire upon one object of thought, upon a single subject, shows itself in some feature of the face as distinctly as it stamps its effect upon the character. This is why we see so many distorted and almost deformed faces, so few symmetrical and spiritually beautifully ones. Comparatively few have the desire, and

fewer still have the leisure, to cultivate that harmony of thought and temper which is sure to shine forth from within, and harmonize every feature. Work and struggle, care and fret, bustle, hurry, and wearing-out ambition, make the law of average American life. It all shows in our poor faces—in our sharp, eager, restless, weary, unhappy faces. Look about you at the standard dinner hour. It is more than the want of dinner that gives that hungry look to eleven out of every twelve mortals that you see homeward bound. It is the consuming care, the ever-repeated, never-ending daily care; it is the struggle to live, the curse of the want of money, and the curse of ever-craving, unsatisfied wants—physical, affectional, spiritual—which have seamed and scarred those faces, and made those sunken eye-sockets the craters of burned out fires. Don't say, "Never mind about the face!" We all mind about our faces, and we mind very much about the faces that we see.—*Selected.*

TIME-HONORED FALLACIES.

In the books of medicine and morals of the last and previous centuries, there are constant reclamations against eating. To satisfy one's appetite at a meal was the worst thing that could be done for health, and to eat seldom and little the best thing. The reason for these warnings did not lie in the constitution of man, and they did not apply to nine-tenths of the human family; they were written for, and applicable to the upper-ten, who had meals set before them of half a dozen or more courses, and no labor to render abundant aliment necessary. To tell a workingman, either with hands or brain, to stint his food is to compel him, if not to commit suicide, at least to dwarf his powers and shorten his days. The working ox is not to be muzzled, and no more is the workingman. The great difficulty with the vast majority of the human race is insufficient nutrition, either through insufficient supplies, or insufficient time for using them aright, or such unwholesome cooking as renders them partially indigestible. Plenty of good food, well cooked, and sufficient time to eat it, with some rest before and after eating meals, are among the very primary conditions of health, strength, and usefulness for all who are actively employed in this world's business, and neglect of them has dwarfed the laboring classes of almost every nation. The commonest observation of the constitution of animals should teach these truths. Who drives a horse hard just before his meal, or just after it; or who gives a working horse the sage advice so often repeated to men formerly, to rise from his dinner with an appetite?

Another equally mischievous fallacy, was to stint sleep. To get up early was inculcated so frequently and earnestly, and that altogether irrespective of the time of going to bed, that one would think time spent in sleep was utterly wasted, and the more people, especially if young, could be tortured to get up early, the better for their health and usefulness. A better knowledge of the human constitution tells us that sleep cannot be evaded with impunity; that sufficiency of sleep is a first condition of health and vigor, and that the time spent in sleep, instead of being wasted, is as well spent as any part of the day. It is not of so much consequence what portion of the day is spent in sleep as that it should be continuous and sufficient. Sailors, who never get more than four hours' sleep at a time on shipboard, are proverbially short-lived, while statesmen, who attend Parliament till two o'clock in the morning, on an average, and sleep till noon next day, are often remarkable for long life and undiminished powers to the last.

A third fallacy is that a person will be healthy and strong in proportion as he takes exercise. Hence long, fatiguing walks, straining exercise with clubs, dumb bells, foot races, rowing matches, chopping wood and other laborious and fatiguing exercises are undertaken for the promotion of health and strength. If such exercise were good, then men who dig or thrash or carry hods should be models of manly strength and beauty. Instead of this, they are usually lean and bent figures, with hard features and solid brains, and this last is what enables them to get on at all. If their brains worked anything like in proportion to their muscles, they would soon exhaust their vital energy. As it is, their minds are a vacuum. When their hard toil is over for the day, they sit by the fire doing nothing, and thinking of nothing, and get to sleep as soon as they can. This class of workers is seldom long-lived. On the other hand, if the brain has to work much, it is lighting the candle at both ends to make the muscles work hard also.

The only other fallacy which we shall notice at this time is that enmity to play which so often crops out in the writings of moralists. Children who play heartily are according to this fallacy on the high road to ruin, whilst those who spend their time in work or study are models for imitation. The very reverse of these views is correct. Play is the divinely appointed method of developing all the limbs and muscles of the young, and making them joyous and happy. It is almost as necessary as food or sleep, and the same advantages are not to be obtained by any exercises that are gone through by rule.

By all this we do not mean that eating should be gluttonous, or that exercise should

be neglected, or that sleep should be prolonged beyond what nature requires, or that children should have all play and no work. There must be good judgment exercised in these matters, and everything should be done in moderation, neither over nor under done.—*N. Y. Witness.*

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Paris correspondent of an American fashion paper says:—

The more we study the fashion, the more surely we arrive at the conclusion that it is becoming more individualized day by day. There are as many different styles of bonnets and dresses as there are weavers. The time has gone by when fashion at the beginning of each season decreed a uniform which every woman in both worlds obediently put on; the time has gone by when three or four Paris dress-makers—powers the more real in proportion as they were blindly obeyed—gave the key-note to all the dress-makers of Paris and France, who copied them servilely. To-day every dress-maker, no matter how small her business, creates trimmings, invents the form of corsage, and devises draperies. Fashion, as a despotic authority, has had its day; it now rules as a federal republic; each one depends only on herself, her tastes, and her fancies. But Paris none the less remains, if not the director, the supreme head of the different styles, or, at least, their undisputed regulator. She proscribes bad taste and tones down extravagance, she establishes a reason even for the things which seem to spring from pure caprice. The individualistic phase, therefore, which fashion has incontestably entered marks, not the abdication of Parisian authority, but its transformation. Paris becomes more than ever indispensable to the existence of universal good taste, imperilled by the progress of individualism. If we are to concede to each woman the right to dress herself according to her age, physiognomy, and particular taste, it is all-important to guide and regulate these. lest extravagance and ugliness constitute themselves sovereigns here on earth.

The following statements from *Harper's Bazar* may be interesting to our lady readers:—

A few innovations in the waists of dresses are in preparation. These are rather difficult to describe; however I will attempt it. Fancy an old-fashioned waist, such as was made twenty years ago, with a round point behind and two points in front, the latter somewhat long; this waist is open in front at the throat, and the opening is bordered

with a broad band of the material of the dress which crosses in front at the place where the opening of the waist stops, and continues in two square tabs, which widen toward the end, thus making a sort of revers the extension of which forms two small basques. Another waist is pleated and double-breasted as formerly, for a great many double-breasted vests, wrappings, and waists will be worn. These pleated double-breasted waists will be used chiefly for dresses of muslin and of all transparent fabrics destined for the coming summer.

Dresses are more complicated than ever, but are also in some respects convenient and even economical. Black is still the fashion, even for full dress toilettes. The trains of dresses are often made separate, and very often of a different fabric from that of the dress. We will suppose a dress of black silk or satin half-long and with a high waist—in a word, such as would be worn for a visiting toilette. To transform it into an evening dress it is only necessary to make what the dress-makers call a court train; that is a demi-skirt composed only of very long black breadths, of black silk or satin if desired, or else of black Osaco crape (a kind of thick silk gauze) or any other light black silk fabric, either plain or figured. This train is fastened with bows of ribbon on the original dress; a low-necked waist of the same material as the train is added. If the bows are blue or pale pink, a large scarf of the same color is put on, and a toilette is composed that is fit for the most dressy occasion.

The inverse will be done for dresses of the coming season. Instead of adding a train to the dress behind, an apron will be put on in front. Suppose a colored dress, trimmed in front only on the bottom, and behind two-thirds of its length. Above this trimming, whatever it may be, pleated or gathered flounces, puffs, or ruches, is the inevitable pouf, which will soon become classic. On the front of this dress is put a long and very wide apron of black faille, covered all over with open-work, or English embroidery, composed of wheels. The embroidery is entirely wrought with black silk on the black faille. This apron is fastened first to the belt, and secondly under the pouf. The toilette is completed by a vest, also of black faille, and embroidered in the same manner, which is worn over the high-necked waist, or else by a small mantelet of black faille.

Embroidery is the rage, and will continue so during the coming season: soutache, round cord, flat cord, silk twist, mixed with jet when the embroidery is black—in a word, all kinds of embroidery are in fashion. Soutache is used chiefly for comparatively simple dresses. The richest embroidery is wrought with the needle, with silk of the same color as the fabric. This

fine embroidery, which is like that used for cambric handkerchiefs, is the kind most generally used for costumes of the most extravagant cost, and consequently the most sought after.

As to bonnets, I would rather say nothing about them, but it is impossible to pass them by in silence. They are more and more like head-dresses, poised, and not always straight, on the top of the high hair, and resembling the castellated towers of feudal castles. The bonnets of the present time are small edifices, two or three stories in height, composed of flat layers, or ruches of crêpe or tulle. Between the stories are placed flowers or ribbon bows, and the whole is surmounted by a plume of some sort. They are most always of the same color as the dress, for matching is more than ever the fashion. The most elegant parasols of the coming season will be very large and entirely flat—in a word, of the Japanese or Chinese shape.

The front and sides of dress skirts still cling closely to the figure. To produce this effect these breadths are very narrow at the top, and are sewed plainly to the belt, the entire fullness being gauged in the single straight breadth behind. Furthermore, this fullness is laced back from pieces of silesia that are sewed underneath the second side seams, half a yard below the belt, and furnished with eyelet holes, through which a lacing string is passed to lace it behind the person. The longest demi-trains are never more than four yards wide. The back breadth is often full in half a yard down from the top to make a panier puff. The edges of skirts are not bound with worsted braid, but merely faced with a narrow edge of the silk turned up on the facing. Over-skirts are almost invariably attached to lower skirts, and now form part of their trimming.

Flounces are of the most fanciful kind when used at all, and are never alike all the way around the skirt. The fashion for distinct tabliers is by no means exhausted, and "borders," consisting of very simple trimmings around the skirt, will be in good style. A puff formed of shirring is the prettiest heading for gathered flounces. A milliner's fold laid on the upturned hem is used on flounces instead of the piped French hem. Edges are faced, not bound. The chain of puffs is again much used, especially in wide box-pleated flounces; the latter are often edged below with a narrow shirred ruffle. The modistes' rule this season for gathered flounces allows a bias breadth of the flounce for each straight breadth of the skirt. Imported black silk dresses have the seams of skirt and basque laid open, and each edge bound with lute-string ribbon.

The Marie Stuart ruff, very high, very full, and flaring, will continue to be made

of the dress material. The English collar with turned-over points will also be used, as well as the rounded Medieis.

Rows of perpendicular trimmings on basques will be a conspicuous feature of spring costumes.

Tortoise-shell buttons, both plain and carved, are announced at the fancy stores as likely to supersede the metal buttons now used. Cut-steel buttons, it is said, will remain in fashion.

Black Sicilienne cloth is used for pipings and facings of spring mantles instead of the turquoise silk that will not wear a season without fraying. The newest departure, however, is in the matter of sleeves, as the plain and pretty coat sleeves are to be abandoned for more fanciful puffed and slashed ones. The single armhole puff of the Henri Trois sleeve is the prettiest of the new fashions; others are a series of puffs (usually five) around the arm from armhole to wrist, separated merely by a milliner's fold, and finished with a double ruff; while another half-flowing sleeve has the outer seam cut in points, and with a lace ruffle showing a puff of silk between the points, around the bottom.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TURKEY SOUP.—*Ingredients*.—2 quarts of stock, the remains of a cold roast turkey, 2 oz. of rice-flour or arrowroot, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoonful of Harvey's sauce, and the same of mushroom ketchup.

Mode.—Cut up the turkey in small pieces, and put it in the stock; let it simmer slowly until the bones are quite clean. Take the bones out, and work the soup through a sieve; when cool, skim well. Mix the rice-flour or arrowroot to a batter with a little of the soup; add it with the seasoning and sauce, or ketchup; give one boil, and serve.

BROILED MUTTON CHOPS.—*Ingredients*.—Loin of mutton, pepper and salt, a small piece of butter. *Mode*.—Cut the chops from a well-hung tender loin of mutton, remove a portion of the fat, and trim them into a nice shape; slightly beat and level them; place the gridiron over a bright clear fire, rub the bars with a little fat, and lay on the chops. Whilst broiling, frequently turn them, and in about 8 minutes they will be done. Season with pepper and salt, dish them on a very hot dish, rub a small piece of butter on each chop, and serve very hot and expeditiously.

VERY GOOD PUFF PASTE.—*Ingredients*.—To every lb. of flour allow 1 lb. of butter, and not quite $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. *Mode*.—Carefully weigh the flour and butter, and have the exact proportion; squeeze the

utter well, to extract the water from it, and afterwards wring it in a clean cloth, that no moisture may remain. Sift the flour; see that it is perfectly dry, and proceed in the following manner to make the paste, using a very clean pasteboard and rolling-pin. Supposing the quantity to be 1 lb. of flour, work the whole into a smooth paste, with not quite $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water, using a knife to mix it with; the proportion of this latter ingredient must be regulated by the discretion of the cook; if too much be added, the paste, when baked, will be tough. Roll it out until it is of an equal thickness of about an inch; break 4 oz. of the butter into small pieces; place these on the paste, sift over it a little flour, fold it over, roll out again, and put another 4 oz. of butter. Repeat the rolling and buttering until the paste has been rolled out 4 times, or equal quantities of flour and butter have been used. Do not omit, every time the paste is rolled out, to dredge a little flour over that and the rolling-pin, to prevent both from sticking. Handle the paste as lightly as possible, and do not press heavily upon it with the rolling-pin. The next thing to be considered is the oven, as the baking of pastry requires particular attention. Do not put it into the oven until it is sufficiently hot to raise the paste; for the best-prepared paste, if not properly baked, will be good for nothing. Brushing the paste as often as rolled out, and the pieces of butter placed thereon, with the white of an egg, assists it to rise in *leaves* or *flakes*. As this is the great beauty of puff-paste, it is as well to try this method.

MEDIUM PUFF PASTE.—*Ingredients*.—To every lb. of flour allow 8 oz. of butter, and 3 oz. of lard, not quite $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. *Mode*.—This paste may be made by the directions in the preceding recipe, only using less butter and substituting lard for a portion of it. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with not quite $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water; then roll it out 3 times, the first time covering the paste with butter, the second with lard, and the third with butter. Keep the rolling pin and paste slightly dredged with flour, to prevent them from sticking, and it will be ready for use.

COMMON PASTE, FOR FAMILY PIES.—*Ingredients*.—1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. *Mode*.—Rub the butter lightly into the flour, and mix it to a smooth paste with the water; roll it out 2 or 3 times, and it will be ready for use. This paste may be converted into an excellent short crust for sweet tarts, by adding to the flour, after the butter is rubbed in, 2 tablespoonfuls of fine-sifted sugar.

RICE MACARONI.—Wash and pick over one tea-cupful of rice; add to it three tea-

cupfuls of boiling water, and place over the fire. When boiled in cold water the kernels lose their shape, but if hot water is used the shape is retained. When done, drain, and in a baking dish place a layer of rice, then a layer of cheese cut into dice, a little butter, salt, and pepper, and alternating with rice and cheese until the dish is full, having cheese on top. Fill the pan with milk, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

A FAVORITE SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS OR ROLLS.—Cream six ounces of butter until light and white as possible; then stir in gradually the same weight of finely pulverized white sugar. It looks very inviting made up into the shape of a little pyramid, thickly strewn with grated nutmeg. In addition you may use at pleasure vanilla or any other seasoning you prefer.

PUREE OF DRIED PEAS.—Soak a quantity of peas in water for twenty-four hours. Throw the water away, and put the peas in a sauce-pan with a couple of onions stuck with cloves, a bunch of thyme and parsley, a couple of bay leaves, whole pepper, and salt to taste. Fill up the sauce-pan with cold water, and set the contents to boil until the peas are thoroughly done. Drain off the water, pass the peas through a hair-sieve, and work them in a sauce-pan on the fire with a piece of butter, until the *purée* is quite hot, moistening with a little stock if the *purée* be too stiff. A piece of bacon boiled with the peas is an improvement.

TO BOIL SALT FISH.—Wash the fish, and put it in soak over-night. Put on in cold water, and let it simmer gently. A fish of five or six pounds will be done in about an hour from the time it is put into the cold water. Serve with parsnips and egg sauce.

TO CLARIFY DRIPPINGS.—Cut up into pieces that will melt easily, either mutton

or beef dripping—it is as well to keep each kind separate—put it into a pan with some cold water. When the water comes to a boil, throw in a little salt, and let it boil three minutes, then strain the whole through a hair-sieve into a basin; when cold and thoroughly set take off the cake of dripping, and scrape any impurities that may remain off the bottom, where they will have settled. It is sometimes necessary to repeat this process two or even three times, but with ordinary dripping once will suffice.

ALUM WATER when applied hot is said to destroy red and black cockroaches, spiders, and all the crawling pests that infest our houses. The alum water should be applied with a brush to all wood-work where insects are suspected. Powdered alum or borax is useful to travellers to carry with them, to scatter around where they suspect there may be troublesome visitors.

STEWED CARROTS.—Scrape and wash five or six good-sized carrots, slice them rather thick, lay them in a sauce-pan, and just cover with cold water; sprinkle in a little salt, and let it simmer until soft; drain off all the water, then pour over them half a pint of good cream, a little piece of mace, a spoonful of butter, and a little finely chopped parsley; let this simmer ten minutes, and serve hot. The dark colored, sweet carrot is the best for stewing.

MACCARONI.—Purchase that which is white and clean, as it is liable to insects. Wash it and put it into a sauce-pan; pour over just enough milk and water to cover the quantity cooked, and let it simmer slowly for half an hour; then put it into a baking-dish, sprinkle a little salt and cayenne over it, and a piece of butter: grate old cheese and bread crumbs thickly over, and add some cream or new milk, and put it in the oven to brown. Serve hot.

COME I TO THEE.

Words by BONAR.

Music by REV. R. ALDER TEMPLE, of Newport, N. S.

Tenderly.

1. No; not des - pair - ing - ly Come I to Thee;
 2. Ah! mine in - iquity Crim - son has been;
 3. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin;
 4. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all;
 5. Then all is peace and light This soul with in;

No; not dis - trust ing - ly Bend I the knee.
 In - fin - ite, In - fin - ite, Sin up - on sin;
 All I am, tell I Thee, All I have been.
 Lov - ing and kind art Thou, When poor ones call.
 Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved un - seen.

Sin hath gone over me, Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
 Sin of not lov - ing Thee, Sin of not trusting Thee, In - fin - ite sin.
 Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord, make me clean.
 Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
 Lean - ing on Thee, my God, Guid - ed a - long the road, Noth - ing be - tween.

Literary Notices.

THE WILD NORTH LAND.—Being the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America, by Captain W. F. Butler, F.R.G.S., author of the "Great Lone Land," with illustrations and route map. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Captain Butler tells us how being disappointed in his desire for African explorations he turned his attention to the American frigid zone, and how he spent several winter months in crossing on foot from the Red River to Lake Athabasca; then up the Peace River through the Rocky Mountains, and southward to the Frazer River. His style is vivid and his record is of great interest from several points of view. We would like to quote many things from the book, but the following passages must suffice:—

SOLITUDE.

He who rides for months through the vast solitudes sees during the hours of his daily travel an unbroken panorama of distance. The seasons come and go; grass grows and flowers die; the fire leaps with tiger bounds along the earth; the snow lies still and quiet over hill and lake; the rivers rise and fall, but the rigid features of the wilderness rest unchanged. Lonely, silent, and impassive; heedless of man, season, or time, the weight of the Infinite seems to brood over it. Once only in the hours of day and night a moment comes when this impassive veil is drawn from its features, and the eye of the wanderer catches a glimpse of the sunken soul of the wilderness; it is the moment which follows the sunset; then a deeper stillness steals over the earth, colors of wondrous hue rise and spread along the western horizon. In a deep sea of emerald and orange of fifty shades, mingled and interwoven together, rose-colored isles float anchored to great golden threads; while, far away, seemingly beyond and above all, one broad flash of crimson light, the parting sun's last gift, reddens upwards to the zenith. And then, when every moment brings a change, and the night gathers

closer to the earth, and some waveless, nameless lake glimmers in uncertain shoreline and in shadow of inverted hill-top; when a light that seems born of another world (so weirdly distant is it from ours) lingers along the western sky, then hanging like a lamp over the tomb of the sun, the Evening Star gleams out upon the darkening wilderness.

It may be only a fancy, and conceit bred from loneliness and long wandering, but at such times the great solitude has seemed to me to open its soul, and that in its depths I read its secrets.

CAMPING OUT ON A WINTER NIGHT.

When the light begins to fade over the frozen solitude, and the first melancholy hoot of the night owl is heard, the traveller in the north looks around for him "a good camping-place." In the forest country he has not long to seek for it; a few dead trees for fuel, a level space for his fire and his blanket, some green young pines to give him "brush" for his bed, and all his requirements are supplied. The camp is soon made, the fire lighted, the kettle filled with snow and set to boil, the supper finished, dogs fed, and the blankets spread out over the pine brush. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is not much time lost in the operation of undressing; under the circumstances one is more likely to reverse the process, and literally (not figuratively as in the case of modern society, preparing for her ball) to *dress* for the night. Then begins the cold; it has been bitterly cold all day, with darkness; the wind has lulled, and the frost has come out of the cold, grey sky with still, silent rigor. If you have a thermometer placed in the snow at your head the spirit will have shrunken back into the twenties and thirties below zero; and just when the dawn is stealing over the eastern pine tops it will not unfrequently be into the forties. Well, then, that is cold if you like! You are tired by a thirty-mile march on snow shoes. You have lain down with stiffened limbs and blistered feet, and sleep comes to you by the mere force of your fatigue; but never goes the consciousness of the cold from your waking brain; and as you lie with crossed arms and up-gathered knees beneath your buffalo robe, you welcome as a benefactor any short-haired,

shivering dog who may be forced from his lair in the snow to seek a few hours' sleep upon the outside of your blankets.

Yet do not imagine, reader, that all this is next to an impossibility, that men will perish under many nights of it. Men do not perish thus easily. Nay, even, when before dawn the fire has been set alight, and the tea swallowed hot and strong, the whole thing is nigh forgotten, not unfrequently forgotten in the anticipations of a cold still more trying in the day's journey which is before you.

AN HONEST INDIAN.

Here is the story of a trade made last summer by "the moose that walks."

"The moose that walks" arrived at Hudson's Hope early in the spring. He was sorely in want of gunpowder and shot, for it was the season when the beaver leave their winter houses, and when it is easy to shoot them. So he carried his thirty martenskins to the fort, to barter them for shot, powder, and tobacco.

There was no person at the Hope. The dwelling-house was closed, the store shut up, the man in charge had not yet come up from St. John; now what was to be done? Inside that wooden house lay piles and piles of all that the walking moose most needed; there was a whole keg of powder; there were bags of shot and tobacco—there was, as much as the moose could smoke in his whole life.

Through a rent in the parchment window the moose looked at all these wonderful things, and at the red flannel shirts, and at the four flint guns, and the spotted cotton handkerchiefs, each worth a sable skin at one end of the fur trade, half a sixpence at the other. There was tea, too—tea, that magic medicine before which life's cares vanished like snow in spring sunshine.

The moose sat down to think about all these things, but thinking only made matters worse. He was short of ammunition, therefore he had no food, and to think of food when one is very hungry is an unsatisfactory business. It is true that "the moose that walks" had only to walk in through that parchment window, and help himself till he was tired. But no, that would not do.

"Ah!" my Christian friend will exclaim, "Ah! yes, the poor Indian had known the good missionary, and had learnt the lesson of honesty and respect for his neighbor's property."

Yes; he had learnt the lesson of honesty, but his teacher, my friend, had been other than human. The good missionary had never reached the Hope of Hudson, nor improved the morals of "the moose that walks."

But let us go on,

After waiting two days he determined to set off for St. John, two full days' travel. He set out, but his heart failed him, and he turned back again.

At last on the fourth day he entered the parchment window, leaving outside his comrade, to whom he jealously denied admittance. Then he took from the cask of powder three skins' worth, from the tobacco four skins' worth, from the shot the same; and sticking the requisite number of martens in the powder-barrel and the shot-bag and the tobacco-case, he hung up his remaining skins on a nail to the credit of his account, and departed from this El Dorado, this Bank of England of the Red man in the wilderness, this Hunt and Roskell of Peace River.

And when it was all over he went his way, thinking he had done a very reprehensible act, and one by no means to be proud of. Poor moose that walks! in this trade for skins you are but a small item!

Society muffles itself in your toil-won sables in distant cities, while you starve and die out in the wilderness.

A GOOD EAY'S TRAMP.

The night of the 4th of March found us camped in a high wood, at a point where a "cache" of provisions had been made for ourselves and our dogs. More than a fortnight earlier these provisions had been sent from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, and had been deposited in the "cache" to await my companion's arrival. A bag of fish for the dogs, a small packet of letters, and a bag of good things for the master swung from a large tripod close to the shore. Some of these things were very necessary, all were welcome, and after a choice supper we turned in for the night.

At four o'clock next morning we were off. My friend led the march, and the day was to be a long one. For four hours we held on, and by an hour after sunrise we had reached a hut, where dwelt a Chipewyan named Echo. The house was deserted, and if anybody had felt inclined to ask, Where had Echo gone to? Echo was not there to answer where. Nobody, however, felt disposed to ask the question, but in lieu thereof dinner was being hastily got ready in Echo's abandoned fireplace. Dinner? Yes, our first dinner took place usually between seven and eight o'clock a.m. Nor were appetites ever wanting at that hour either.

Various mishaps, of broken snow-shoe and broken-down dog, had retarded my progress on this morning, and by the time the leading train had reached Echo's I was far behind. One of my dogs had totally given out, not *Cerf-vola*, but the *Ile à la Crosse* dog "Major." Poor brute! he had suddenly lain down, and refused to move. He was a willing, good hauler,

generally barking vociferously whenever any impediment in front detained the trains. I saw at once it was useless to coerce him after his first break-down, so there was nothing for it but to take him from the harness and hurry on with the other three dogs as best I could. Of the old train which had shared my fortunes ever since that now distant day in the storm, on the Red River steamboat, two yet remained to me.

From the day after my departure from Ile à la Crosse I had regularly used snow-shoes, and now I seldom sought the respite of the sled, but trudged along behind the dogs. I well knew that it was only by sparing my dogs thus that I could hope to carry them the immense distance I proposed to travel; and I was also aware that a time might come when, in the many vicissitudes of snow travel, I would be unable to walk, and have to depend altogether on my train for means of inovement. So, as day by day the snow-shoe became easier, I had tramped along, until now, on this 5th of March, I could look back at nigh three hundred miles of steady walking.

Our meal at Echo's over we set out again. Another four hours passed without a halt, and another sixteen or seventeen miles lay behind us. Then came the second dinner—cakes, tea, and sweet pemmican; and away we went once more upon the river. The day was cold, but fine; the dogs trotted well, and the pace was faster than before. Two Indians had started ahead to hurry on to a spot, indicated by my companion, where they were to make ready the camp, and await our arrival.

Night fell, and found us still upon the river. A bright moon silvered the snow; we pushed along, but the dogs were now tired, all, save my train, which having only blankets, guns, and a few articles to carry, went still as gamely as ever. At sundown our baggage sleds were far to the rear. My companion driving a well-loaded sled led the way, while I kept close behind him.

For four hours after dark we held steadily on; the night was still, but very cold; the moon showed us the track; dogs and men seemed to go forward from the mere impulse of progression. I had been tired hours before, and had got over it; not half tired, but regularly weary; and yet somehow or other the feeling of weariness had passed away, and one stepped forward upon the snow-shoe by a mechanical effort that seemed destitute of sense or feeling.

At last we left the river, and ascended a steep bank to the left, passing into the shadow of gigantic pines. Between their giant trunks the moonlight slanted; and the snow, piled high on forest wreck, glowed lustrous in the fretted light. A couple of miles more brought us suddenly to the welcome glare of firelight, and at

ten o'clock at night we reached the blazing camp. Eighteen hours earlier we had started for the day's march, and only during two hours had we halted on the road. We had, in fact, marched steadily during sixteen hours, twelve of which had been at rapid pace. The distance run that day is unmeasured, and is likely to remain so for many a day; but at the most moderate estimate it would not have been less than fifty-six miles. It was the longest day's march I ever made, and I had cause long to remember it, for on arising at day-break the next morning I was stiff with Mal de Raquette.

In the North, Mal de Raquette or no Mal de Raquette, one must march; sick or sore, or blistered the traveller must frequently still push on. Where all is a wilderness, progression frequently means preservation; and delay is tantamount to death.

In our case, however, no such necessity existed; but as we were only some twenty-five miles distant from the great central distributing point of the Northern Fur Trade, it was advisable to reach it without delay. Once again we set out: debouching from the forest we entered a large marsh. Soon a lake, with low-lying shores, spread before us. Another marsh, another frozen river, and at last, a vast lake opened out upon our gaze. Islands, rocky, and clothed with pine-trees, rose from the snowy surface. To the east, nothing but a vast expanse of ice-covered sea, with a blue, cold sky-line; to the north, a shore of rocks and hills, wind-swept, and part covered with dwarf firs, and on the rising shore the clustered buildings of a large fort, with a red flag flying above them in the cold north blast.

The "lake" was Athabasca, the "clustered buildings" Fort Chipewyan, and the Flag—well; we all know; but it is only when the wanderer's eye meets it in some lone spot like this that he turns to it, as the emblem of a home which distance has shrined deeper in his heart.

OREGON.

In the first year of the new century men penetrated the gorges of the shining mountain, and reached the great river of the west; but they hunted for furs, and not for gold; and fur-hunters keep to themselves the knowledge of their discoveries. Before long the great Republic born upon the Atlantic shores began to stretch its infant arms towards the dim Pacific.

In 1792, a Boston ship entered the mouth of the Oregon river.

The charts carried by the vessel showed no river upon the coast-line, and the captain named the breaker-tossed estuary after his ship "the Columbia." He thought he had discovered a new river; in reality, he had but found again the older known Ore-

gon. It is more than probable that this new named river would again have found its ancient designation, had not an enterprising German now appeared upon the scene. One Jacob Astor, a vendor of small furs and hats, in New York, turned his eyes to the west.

He wished to plant upon the Pacific the germs of American fur trade. The story of his enterprise has been sketched by a cunning hand; but under the brilliant coloring which a great artist has thrown around his tale of Astoria, the strong bias of the partisan is too plainly apparent. Yet it is easy to detect the imperfect argument by which Washington Irving endeavors to prove the right of the United States to the disputed territory of Oregon. The question is one of "Who was first upon the ground?"

Irving claims that Astor, in 1810, was the first trader who erected a station on the banks of the Columbia.

But in order to form his fort, Astor had to induce several of the *employées* of the North-West Fur Company to desert their service. And Irving innocently tells us, that when the overland expedition under

Hunt reached the Columbia, they found the Indians well supplied with European articles, which they had obtained from white traders already domiciled west of the Rocky Mountains. He records the fact while he misses its meaning. British fur traders had reached Oregon long before Jacob Astor had planted his people on the estuary of the Columbia. Astor's factory had but a short life. The war of 1813 broke out. A British ship appeared off the bar of the Columbia River, and the North-West Company moving down the river became the owners of Astoria. But with their usual astuteness the Government of the United States claimed, at the conclusion of the war, the possession of Oregon, on the ground that it had been theirs prior to the struggle. That it had not been so, is evident to any person who will carefully enquire into the history of the discovery of the North-West Coast, and the regions lying west of the mountains.

It was the old story so frequently repeated. The country was useless; a pine-forest, a wilderness, a hopeless blank upon the face of nature.

To-day, Oregon is to my mind *the fairest State in the American Union.*

Review of the Times.

The overwhelming defeat of the great party which has so long controlled the destinies of Canada, will probably prove to be one of the most important events in our history. Canada has never known anything so decisive—never anything so disastrous. When we think of the crowd of able men who used to occupy the front benches on the Government side of the House of Commons, and contrast them with the remnant who will assemble round the old general-in-chief when Parliament meets, we shall be able to moralize on the strange chances of fortune and the certain limitations of power. Sir George Cartier, passed away; Mr. Tilley, retired upon a Governorship; Sir Francis Hincks, out of Parliament—strange to say, retired from political life; Mr. Morris, also a Governor; Mr. Gibbs, defeated; Sir John Macdonald will have left only Dr. Tupper and Mr. Hillyard Cameron. And behind these, instead of the strong and solid phalanx that formerly proved impervious to assault, and car-

ried through every measure on which the Government were united, a sad and small minority will be left who, broken, desperate and defeated, will scarcely be able to perform the legitimate function of sharp and watchful criticism.

The lesson and the moral have been salutary. Such a storm will, for a time, effectually clear an atmosphere that had become loaded with noxious vapors. Canada could not long have borne without some alarming revulsion the state of things which had been developing for years, and which came to a crisis at the election immediately preceding the present. When bribery was fast becoming *recognized*, and people, otherwise respectable, were not ashamed both to bribe and to be bribed, it was time for some startling event to rouse the public conscience. When a Prime Minister could enter into arrangements with a capitalist known to be indifferent to politics, for a large supply of money to carry an election, and this capitalist an applicant

for a contract of such enormous proportions as to dwarf every public enterprise hitherto undertaken, a candid spectator would have said that reformation or ruin—one or the other—was at hand. When a capitalist could deliberately, by a lavish use of money—all as a matter of calculation to be reimbursed by the profits of a Government contract,—set on foot arrangements for turning the scale on some thirty elections, one cannot but be struck with the lamentable picture presented. It is not only the sordidness of an individual but the corruptness of constituencies that strike us. Lamentable as is the spectacle of a gentleman in high position using the large means with which Providence has blessed him to degrade his own countrymen, it is still more lamentable to think of the state of things which made such operations possible. Lamentable, above all, that men whose lives were consecrated to religion could so far forget the high duties of their calling as to become parties to these scandalous proceedings.

The party which has just assumed the reins of power could scarcely have been prepared for such an extraordinary *bouleversement* as has taken place. Their action in bringing about a dissolution was generally criticised, but the event has justified it; and all experience demonstrates how true the proverb is—"Nothing succeeds like success!" It is generally conceded that the present election has been more free from corrupt influences than any that has been known for years. The evil had indeed almost ruined itself; for elections had become so frightfully costly that the resources of candidates were, in many cases, drained dry. From sheer inability, therefore, in a large number of constituencies, there was no expenditure beyond what is necessary and legitimate. Other weapons were employed, doubtless, and, in some quarters, there was a more violent outbreak of slanderous vituperation—deliberately taken up and coolly employed as a political weapon—than has ever before been known. This was particularly the case in Toronto; but the result only shows how such weapon, like the Australian boomerang, will recoil on the head of its authors. It is high time

that the devil's maxim, "All is fair in electioneering," received its quietus.

The Government then, as the final result of their appeal to the country, will have a very large working majority. This of course is not all that is required; for, before all, must come the prerequisite of ability to govern. And here, it cannot but be noted that the kind of ability required on the Government side of the House is very different from that required by an Opposition. The power to initiate, to frame measures, to develop and pursue a policy through the intricate details of parliamentary life—these are very different from the faculty of criticism. Whether the present Government has or has not the faculty of governing remains to be seen. They have, however, put forth a declaration of policy, and before long, when bills come to be submitted, and subjected to the ordeal of debate and committee, we shall see of what mettle the heads of the different departments are composed.

Their task will be a very different one from that which fell to the lot of ministries in the old and stormy days of constitutional agitation. When men were contending for the establishment or overthrow of institutions; when they were defending or assailing a State Church, a feudal system, or an autocratic government; or, still more, when the antagonism of races added intenser elements of bitterness to the already bitter strife, the excitement of political contests was great indeed. Now, however, all these questions, and, indeed, all questions of this nature, are settled. The questions that now occupy the attention of Parliament are almost exclusively connected with the development of the material resources of the country. How to subdue and make the best of the enormous and wide spreading territory that Providence has committed to us—this is the question of questions for the day, and at present it naturally spreads out into three main divisions: the Pacific Railway; Emigration; the Improvement and Development of Navigation. Perhaps, too, we may add a fourth: namely, the Development of Manufacturing Enterprises.

So far as the policy of the Ministry has been foreshadowed, as to the first, it is im-

possible not to feel that it is being entered upon in a more practical and business-like style than was the case with the vast project that fell with the fall of Sir John Macdonald.

The experience of former days of railway construction ought certainly not to be lost on a country of such a limited population as Canada. We were half ruined by the style on which the Grand Trunk was carried out by English capitalists and engineers. "Everything equal to a first-class English road." This was the phrase current in those days, and dearly we paid for it, then and since. That we might have had all the substantial benefits of the Grand Trunk for an expenditure of some twenty millions less, at least, is evident to all who have paid attention to the subject. Equally clear is it that if we attempted to carry a railway to the Pacific in the same style, the whole country would be plunged in irretrievable ruin, and that before we got half way.

The true course, the practical course, considering this matter of business in a purely business light, will be to begin from the capital of Manitoba, working easterly; first to open communication with the head of Lake Superior, and through this with all Canada and with England; then westerly, to open up the territory of the Province itself; then southerly, to make a junction with the railway system of the United States. While these are being accomplished, population will be pouring in and continue to strike more and more westward. The railway will continue in the same direction, and more and more fertile regions will be opened; the coal fields of the Saskatchewan, the mines of the Rocky Mountains, and British Columbia itself will be reached, and finally communication will be completed round the North shore of Lakes Superior and Huron with the railway system of Canada.

This, we imagine, will be the ultimate course of the Pacific Railway, and many long years must elapse before such a programme can be carried out. But few can deny that with time all this is feasible, and that if gradually proceeded with all may be done without embarrassment.

The question of Emigration is intimately connected with this scheme. There is ferment in England amongst the agricultural class, and Canada can scarcely fail to reap advantage from it.

But we must do our part better than we have done, if we are to have a steady stream making their way here. First, we must look to the arrangements for the reception of emigrants at the point of debarkation, and remember that women and children are amongst them. Second in claim to notice, are the arrangements for transportation to the interior. Many a poor family have endured almost a martyrdom in travelling to their ultimate destination. Third, we have to see that employment is looked after, and communication well kept up with the channels where settlements can be obtained. This should be done at all the principal centres from whence emigrants take their final departure.

All these are within our own power and can be accomplished with attention. The Government of Canada might also, in conjunction with the Governments of England and the United States, bring about a reform in the arrangements for the transport of steerage passengers. No reform is more needed in the present day.

In connection with emigration we cannot omit to notice the great and good work wrought by an English lady, Miss Macpherson, in bringing out to Canada, and settling in homes, hundreds of poor lads who have been rescued from the streets of London. First carefully trained to industry and religious knowledge, then placed in selected homes, mostly in the country, these lads, to the number of some fifteen hundred or more, are now growing up in our farming districts, and becoming a most valuable part of our population; and those who know what they were in London find it hard indeed to recognize them again in the healthy and active farmers' boys of Canada. These boys are not likely to leave us for the States. They are growing up amongst us and learning our ways. They find Canada to be a home, they are prospering in it, and because they like it they will stay.

This is about the best emigration work going on and well deserves the countenance of the Government.

The present political situation in England is a singular illustration of the whirligig of time bringing its revenges. The position of the two great parties before the last general election and at its close, was the direct reverse of their state prior to and at the end of that just gone through. Then Mr. Disraeli appealed to the country, was placed in a minority at the polls, resigned, and Mr. Gladstone succeeded to power. The issue then was wholly ecclesiastical—the fate of the Irish Church. The chief question decided by the recent elections is also ecclesiastical,—the fate of the English Church. That at the former crisis the electors chose to disestablish a State Church in one part of the Empire, and at this they have decided to maintain one; that they destroyed the branch and spare the tree, has been freely put forward as evidence of a reaction in favor of the principle of a State Church. This inconsistency of action in the British electorate cannot justly be so interpreted. To English electors the appeal against the Irish establishment jarred against no principle, threatened no disruption of any social order they cherished. But the apprehension of the Church being shorn of privileges and emoluments in the rural districts, would appear like the uprooting of religion and the cessation of those benevolences and kindly offices which are looked to as a providential arrangement to mitigate their chronic poverty, as some compensation for low wages. In the towns the artisans share this feeling; for although in the main careless of religious observances, they have a grateful sense of the comforts and helps and pleasant social attentions they and their families are proffered by the unwearying charity of elaborately organized parish institutions, which for some years past have been worked with almost passionate zeal, to secure the good will of this class towards the State Church. One of the most earnest pastors, most eloquent preachers in the Establishment, said during a former election, “I never ask for money or votes; if I get the souls of the

people, they will give these freely.” Besides this alarm lest disestablishment should deprive religion of its power to bless, there has been also excited a fear lest another institution, one as beloved by many as the Church—the Public House—should be shorn of its power to curse its devotees. Every tap-room in Britain has rung with denunciations of the Liberal Ministry, for curtailing that inestimable privilege—the right to get drunk at any hour of the night, however such liberty offends social decency, disturbs social order, saps public health, or facilitates crime. Behind the door of these tap-rooms could be found certain cabalistic marks in white chalk, which have had more to do with producing the Conservative reaction than recondite political causes. The publican's score is a potent weapon, and has whipped up no small share of the majorities against Mr. Gladstone. The patriotism of the British workingman is strongly tinged with pugnacity, and with dislike to foreigners. He is made to feel too much the competition of numbers, hence his conviction that the larger the army the better are his chances of work under Government auspices. The Conservative party are believed to favor more than the Liberal the maintenance of a large standing army and staff at the public dockyards. This policy is eminently popular with the artisan class. They regard the industrial activities of war or preparation for it with the utmost favor; they consider the cost thereof, to a large extent, as taxation of the well-to-do classes, from which they reap no small gains. With such impressions and economic prejudices, still entertaining notions in regard to foreign nations which were general some years ago, but which closer intercourse by travel and commerce have dispelled in the middle and higher ranks of English life, what is described as “a vigorous foreign policy, is at once flattering to the vanity and narrowness of the artisan class at home,” and in accordance with their ideas of what is conducive to the stimulation of those industries in whose activity they believe their class to be interested. The action of the Nonconformist section of the electoral body in the recent election is not

known. The perfect elimination of all sectarian tendency from the Education Act, however desired by many decided Liberals, and however much they may distrust Mr. Gladstone's intention to change that Act to suit their views, would not lead them to swell the "Conservative reaction." Mr. Gladstone they might bend to some concession of their demands. Mr. Disraeli would hardly be asked to concede anything, so hopeless would be the prospect of his favor. The agitation will do immense service to the cause of popular education in England, if the members of the various churches throw the same zeal into the furtherance of the education of the young of the poorer classes which they have shown in guarding them from being unduly biassed in early life by special theology. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his Manchester address, attributes the gross ignorance prevailing in England, to "sectarian education." The phrase is mysterious, and more severe upon his own University of Oxford than any Board School existing. If he meant that sectarian *disputes* were responsible for the ignorance existing, he would have been clearer and more accurate. As those disputes now turn almost wholly on the question whether the Scriptures shall or shall not be read in the Board Schools, there is a good hope that a great revolution is in progress in the educational status of the humbler classes in England. The dispute between those whose conscience forbids the payment of rates for religious education, and those whose conscience forbids secular education being paid for by rates, has told in the recent election. Mr. Bright's condemnation of the existing Act is thought by the latter to indicate the committal of the Gladstone Ministry to such a change in it as would offend their principles, and a heavy vote has been cast by a certain section of those churches whose traditions and policy are Conservative, though many of their members are amongst the most active and devoted adherents of the Liberal cause. The Conservative reaction is thus no retrograde movement in politics; it arises from the real or fancied danger to certain vested interests of a heterogeneous and contradictory na-

ture. It does not show that the tide of liberal thought has turned and an ebb set in. It is, in fact, no more than the backwater caused by the stream meeting with obstructions, which after a brief struggle it will either remove or rise high enough to overflow, leaving only over them an eddy for the historian to mark where the troubles arose.

A meeting has recently been held in London to express sympathy with the movement in Germany designed to subdue the machinations of the Ultramontanists against the Empire. There can be little question that the promoters of that meeting laid themselves open to a sharp retort for inconsistency. The argumentative basis of their action rests upon the two pillars of Protestantism: First, that the Pope has no authority over the temporal concerns of any State—that his power is spiritual only. Second, that the State has no authority over the spiritual order of any church. Considered on the surface, it would appear at first sight that the conflict between the Emperor and the Pope does not arise from the latter seeking to exercise temporal jurisdiction in Germany, but originates in the Emperor exercising his temporal power to control the spiritual affairs of the Papal Church. Surely, it may be argued, the right to appoint pastors of the Church, to control their education and location, is no true business of the State; yet that function is demanded by, and to be vested in, the temporal government in Prussia. The inconsistency is, however, more apparent than real; for the Church which resents this interference with its administration, is not a spiritual institution exclusively,—it is the same in discipline and in dogma as it was when Miltitz, the crafty envoy of the Papacy, sought so persistently to bring Luther to the acknowledgment of the Papal authority in all matters human and divine. The Syllabus of late years affirms this in the most positive form. The reunion of Germany has been fought against by Pope and priest for over thirty years; they have lost the battle, and, as by the very constitution of their church every bishop and every priest

is a political agent, it has become a necessity for preserving the fruits of the conquest gained over them, the national union, to curb their authority so as to thwart their treasonable designs against the State wherein they minister as agents of a defeated foe. If the Church of Rome is hurt by the State's interference, it would do well to set the State the example of rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, as then the governments of this world would more readily render to God the things which are God's. Ultramontaniam, with all its imposing show of logical impregnability, is only so to those who admit the premise upon which it is built, the Canon law which declares "The Pope is God upon earth, superior to all belonging to heaven and earth, *whether spiritual or temporal*. All things belong to the Pope, and to him no one shall dare say, What doest thou?" But unhappily for the argument, He whose authority is usurped has commanded loyalty to temporal governments in the words we have quoted. He declared His kingdom to be not a temporal one, "not of this world." He, by His apostle, enjoined obedience to the higher, the temporal powers, even at the time when those powers did not recognize His sceptre. Lamentable as is the sight of a civil government imprisoning a bishop for contumacy inspired by religious conviction, it is more so to find a bishop holding as a religious conviction a theory in regard to the sphere of the Church which is the direct antithesis of the teaching of Christ, which makes it a civil institution "of this world" and a perpetual menace to "the higher powers" in government the world over, unless in subjection to the Papal Court. Since the hour when the waters in the firmament were divided from

the waters beneath, there has not been a more permanent division made than was made when the Conqueror William ordained that the bishops and aldermen of the shires, clerical and lay judges, should have separate courts and separate jurisdictions. Since the efforts of Innocent II. to obtrude on Christian States the *decretals*, as laws manifestly calculated to destroy the power of the civil magistrate, his successors have sought to subject the power of Kings to the power of Popes. It is a misnomer to say subject the temporal to the spiritual; for the Pope's power has till lately been temporal, and it is to restore this temporal power that the Jesuits are now intriguing all over Europe. The conflict in Germany is an anachronism by eight centuries. The cleavage which a Gregory IX., Alexander and Honorius sought to heal up when Princes were devoted to the Church, and the people still more so, has widened, century by century, until between Papal claims and the possibility of their realization in any civilized nation, there exists a gulf as impassable as between Dives and Lazarus. Europe may be troubled by the Papacy in baffled despair and in revenge stirring civil strife by fomenting and aiding the democracy in its revolutionary designs; but from such a chaos Europe would not emerge renovated after the ideal of Gregory or Hildebrand. The spirit of democracy is the *bête noir*, the dread of Ultramontaniam. Kings of all grades it has used as tools, even to the betrayal of their country; but it has never yet succeeded in so annihilating or lulling the patriotic genius of any people, as to seduce them from their allegiance to national interests in reverence for the Pope's temporal power.

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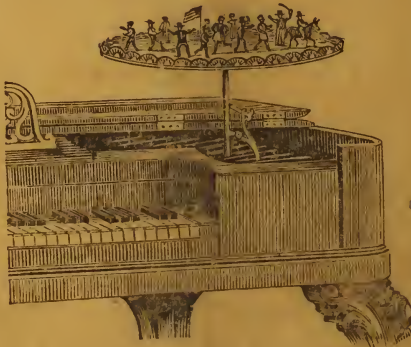
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